

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

JUNE 1, 1809.

THE EXHIBITION AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

AT no period of time, since the presidency of Sir Francis Burdett, have our ARTISTS more successfully exerted their talents than they have in the present year. The worthy baronet himself, in particular, has evinced an astonishing improvement in his powers of *design* and *execution*: whilst, more or less, every R. A. *honorary member*, and *amateur* contributor, (each in his relative character, and in proportion to his *genius*,) has laboured hard with the most “curious felicity” to ensure *popularity*, and *practice*, and eventual *profit*, by novel and fascinating *performances*.

Being ourselves enthusiastic lovers of *drawing*, *painting*, *engraving*, and *sculpture*, and fortunately enjoying in a very enviable degree the friendship and favour of the illustrious *president*, the *directors*, and the HANGING COMMITTEE, it will not, we respectfully presume to believe, be deemed a surprising or an indecorous circumstance when we state that the SATIRIST was presented

with twenty of the Society's Dinner-Tickets, gratis, in a manner at once both flattering and delightful; and that we attended *in propriis personis* at the reforming festival, on *chimney-sweeper's day*, (1st May, 1809,) at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in consequence. Sir Francis was in the chair, as representative of "*the majesty of the people*:" and we were truly happy to observe several *princes of the blood* in gorgeous array, and an innumerable posse of the *mobility* and *commoners* already squatted around the tables. The large room and many of the smaller apartments were completely filled, and a great number of persons, who had stupidly *paid for their tickets*, and whose company could be dispensed with, we are credibly assured, were unable to obtain admission. The viands were exquisite; and we had swipes, ale, porter, brown stout, gin, purl, two-penny, and tobacco in profusion.

The daily and weekly papers have, in general, done ample justice to the glorious theme; we, therefore, though with no little reluctance, shall hasten to quit it: after we have mentioned two incidents, which we believe escaped the notice of almost all the hired reporters. To the one we allude with renewed rapture, to the other with unfeigned and poignant regret.

I. Never, (Oh ! never,) shall we forget the thrill of ecstasy that shot like electricity through our nerves, bones, and marrow, when Sir Francis Burdett, Major Cartwright, Mr. Madocks, Mr. Wardle, Mr. *Hare* Townsend, [as mad as a March *Hare*,] Mr. Waithman, [alias *Ever-in-town*, kicking up a dust. See the inscription or rather su-

* *Princes of the blood*: in plain terms, *little sweeps*, with their faces fresh washed, and their bottoms fresh gilt and ginger-breaded.

perscription of his shop,] and the whole host of *sweepers* screamed and bellowed forth "NON NOBIS DOMINE," after dinner!!! The effect was *infernally* grand, to be sure: and could only have been equalled by the thundering *view-halloo!* that took place when Major Cartwright's *XIV. Resolutions* were got rid of fairly in the lump, like a rope of rotten onions, at the humane motion of Sir Francis.

II. The last incident is of an affecting nature. Almost every hired reporter stated—and stated with great truth—that much noise and seeming confusion were apparent *at the door*, towards the conclusion of our *attic* feast; but no one, to the best of our recollection, seems to have known at the time, or to have enquired afterwards, from what cause such noise and confusion originated. To us, alas! falls the melancholy office to record the sad mischance. We have mentioned, *among other luxuries*, the charms of *mundungus*, with the papers of which every table was lavishly supplied. Sir Francis is no regular smoker; but upon *extraordinary* occasions, we understand, he can wield his pipe and exhale the weed with no inconsiderable dexterity. Amidst so vast a synod of "CLOUD-compelling"* divinities, it was not wonderful that the hubbub at the door remained involved in mystery: we, however, as we before observed, came into the divan late; consequently, we were of necessity seated much nearer to the bustling scene of tumult, and—as we are decided *anti-fumists*,—we were enabled

ex fumo dare lucem.

The fact was briefly as follows: from the known poverty of some of the presumed visitors, and the notorious cullibility of others, an idea had somehow prevailed

* HOMER *passim*.

at *The British Forum* and *The Robin Hood*, that a kind of honourable barter might successfully be carried on : viz. of *literature* and *logic* for *beef* and *pudding*. Influenced by this persuasion, therefore, blest above most men with ravenous appetites, and rich in intellectual wealth, although confoundedly low in pocket, the speechifiers at those two celebrated receptacles of sedition boldly resolved to make the trial, *pro bono publico*, one and all. Accordingly, they took their soiled and tattered frippery out of pawn, mutually shaved and [sit verbo venia !] loused themselves, and stalked arm in arm, with beating hearts, to the Crown and Anchor. There a dire disappointment ensued. Maugre all their rubbing and scrubbing, and washing, and brushing, these piteous devils still looked so "woe-be-gone, and wretched in attire," that even Mr. Adams, Mr. Place, Mr. Brookes, and Mr. Richter * the four *acting* managers, who had admitted many a ragged turned-coat previously *sous silence*, shuddered at the sight, refused them admittance, and threatened the most obstreperous and refractory with the Compter.† We appeal with cheerfulness to the testimony of the gentlemen aforesaid in corroboration of the scrupulous correctness of our report. Proceed we, now, to notice a few of the most striking pieces in THE EXHIBITION ; premising that, as is usually the case at Somerset-House, the *portraits* very considerably predominated.

Indisputably, the largest and most prominent painting in the room was "THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS," by the president. It was hung conspicuously *in a full glare*

* See the *Mornicle Chronicle* of Tuesday, 2d May, 1809.

† By the bye, this respectable lodging hotel, and, indeed, all the snug *lock-up-houses* in the vicinity of THE EXHIBITION were remarkably crowded early on the next morning, if we are rightly informed.

of light fronting the great door of entrance, and painfully dazzled the eye of the beholder. The canvas was of enormous dimensions; and the figures were all of gigantic size, designed in Fuseli's manner, with little or no *drapery*; the design was wildly sublime, but the *execution* extremely defective; the *positions* were forced and unnatural, the *outlines* harsh; and although in parts the *anatomy* might be admired, yet, when considered scientifically as a whole, the picture was by no means masterly. In our decided opinion,—notwithstanding our partiality for the painter, and our gratitude towards him for the recent kindness,—we must say, the smaller burlesque drawing of the same subject, in *water-colours* by Mr. Madocks, (the honorary member,) in the happiest style of Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Woodward, was a far more meritorious composition as a study. The latter production, however, stands in so bad a light, that we heartily advise the Boston member to withdraw it.

The president's portraits of *himself*, of Mr. Wardle, of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, (a rapid kit-cat *sketch*,) of Lord Castlereagh, in masquerade, with his breeches down about his heels, *a la mode de Chartres*, of a noble Genoese dying for salt, of a German baron, of Lord Grey, and of the gallant Lord Cochrane; formed a batch of eight as interesting little *crayon* drawings as we think we ever beheld. His "*kid seethed in its mother's milk*," is strongly conceived; the idea, we learn, was given to him by a friendly clergyman resident at Wimbledon.

Major Cartwright has XIV. huddled *studies* of fantastic dreams on political points; so mischievously combined in the *grouping*, that, when viewed at a certain distance, they present the disgusted spectator with indistinct shadows of mobs, riots, undue practices at elections, bribery, corruption, pensionaries,

hirelings, grievances, abuses, tyranny abroad, taxes and slavery at home, reform, universal representation, and general insurrection and remonstrance.* The designs are in Indian ink, lake, and bistre; and the *tout ensemble*, though powerfully thrown together, is sombre, unpleasant, indistinct and horrific.

Of "*The House of Commons*," of Mr. Madocks, we have taken the liberty to speak with suitable and guarded commendation. His half lengths of Messrs. Perceval, Wardle, Cartwright, and the president, are not quite so successful. We wish he had favoured us with a sly profile of Mrs. Clarke!!

Mr. Wardle is a second *Wilkie* in his historical pictures, and occasionally condescends to imitate the broader humour of *Smirke* in a playful mood. His portrait of *himself* "UNDERGOING EXAMINATION" is remarkably fine and expressive: the scowl, the leer, the *embarras*, the *hesitation*, the *conscious prevarication*, are all given with the hand of a consummate ARTIST; we only wish he were better hung. His highly coloured portraits of Sir Francis as a quack doctor, and of Lord Cochrane as a mutineer, are miserable daubs; yet the first has some faint traces of resemblance.

Our attention was, in general, engrossed by the pantomime and living scene; we noticed, however, a confused medley piece by a gallant sailor, *who fights better than he paints*; a good attempt by Mr. Smith, R.A.; a wretched bust of "AN ASS BRAYING," by Mr. Waithman; and some other tolerable designs of no particular character or value.

The party broke up, gradually, as the candles and pipes burnt out, and the supply of liquors ceased.

* See Major Cartwright's string of XIV. Resolutions in the Morning Chronicle of 2d May, 1809.

MY BROTHER BOB—A CHARACTER FROM LIFE.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the babbler, confirmation strong,
As proofs from holy writ.

SHAKESPEARE.

MR. SATIRIST,

I KNOW not how far the concern of any branch of our humble family may chance to interest your sympathy; but I am an enthusiastic admirer of your publication; I have extolled and (wherever necessary) have defended it in all companies and at all risks, and on that score alone, Sir, now venture to solicit and, allow me to add, to *claim* your active commiseration.

To so good a scholar as you are I should think it an insult, to descant long on *the scrupulous attention to minute incidents* observable in the works of the best Greek and Roman authors. Homer, the prince of epic poets, is always astonishingly accurate in his enumeration of these particulars. Every hero slain in his shambles has his appropriate wound, described with all the technical precision of Clare-market; and *when he falls*, not only "*il mord la poussiere*," as a modern would say; not only, in the more animated words of the Mantuan bard, "*sternitur, exanimisque tremens procumbit humi*;" not only the warrior comes down with a thundering thwack; but his very clothing resounds gloriously, and shares in his funeral renown.

Δέπησεν δὲ πρὸς αὐτὸν, ἄραβησε δὲ τέτχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Neither is this the sole excellence of the fine old Grecian: with equally "*curious felicity*," [I thank thee, Iloft, for teaching me that phrase,] he repeatedly introduces his chief characters *eating, drinking, sleeping, cooking, scolding, hugging, &c.* with beautiful variations of posture, energy, perseverance, and effect. Cervantes, in his *Life and Adventures of Don Quixote*, and Fielding, in his *Life and Adventures of Tom Jones*, have both most successfully availed themselves of their profound classical knowledge, and have with no less taste than discretion, imitated their illustrious prototype in a thousand similar instances; nor was it ever imputed as a fault to either of these popular writers, to the best of my recollection that they had offended any one of the Aristotelian rules of art by thus sedulously consulting the dictates and *motions* of nature.

How different, however, Mr. Satirist, is the sublimated process of your Owensons, your Southseys, and your Lewises! Their heroes and heroines, forsooth! are not of earthly mould, and have no *compunctious visitings* of nature. They live, and move, and have their being in a way that no mortal wight could possibly support; they undergo trials of cold, hunger, thirst, nakedness, and horror, which no human frame could surmount; they atchieve adventures which never could have happened; they fall in love, court, and marry, by an inexplicable sort of a kind of "animal magnetism," the most improbable that even the brain of madness itself could conceive, and all this without the intervention, as in common life, of the gifts of fortune, i. e. of "*metallic tractors*." But,—let me hasten to introduce MY BROTHER BOB.

Bob, Sir, is as good-hearted a fellow, perhaps, as ever breathed; he is, moreover, a *bon-vivant*, and, like Yorick of facetious memory, loves, when he can, to set the table

in a roar. Unluckily for Bob, alas! his auditors are not always of the same erudite class, or sufficiently addicted to the study of the *belles lettres*, exactly to comprehend and adequately to relish the elegance and excellence of his ornamental flourishes, whilst narrating a fictitious story, or a plain, circumstantial matter of fact.

Hence, I pre sume, it happens, (and not through any deficiency or superabundance in his charmingly-diversified descriptions,) that often at the close of a laboured and truly melancholy recital, when mentally exclaiming, "*Ast, Ast! navigamus in portum!*" a coarse and universal horse-laugh startles him with a vengeance, and arouses him, most disagreeably indeed, from a soft and sentimental dream of exquisite distress: often, too, at the conclusion of a delicately merry tale of genuine and inimitable humour, has he looked roguishly around him with a mock solemnity of ludicrous mien, anticipating the full burst of hilarity and rapturous acclamation; when, lo! a sad, and solemn stillness,—Oh! how tremendous!—shocked his listening ear.

Innumerable have been the occasions, to my certain knowledge, Mr. Satirist, when Bob's punctilious adherence to veracity, and his inveterately rigid determination to give every individual link its appropriate rank and station in the vast and complex chain of his elaborate narratives, instead of meeting with honourable appreciation and applause, have incurred nought but scoffs, ridicule, and neglect. Bob is enthusiastically fond of investigating "*first principles*," as they are somewhat tautologically called, and of referring known events to occult causes;

In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. MILTON. *L' Allegro.*

Sir, I dare say your readers have all heard of a book, entitled *Great Events from little Causes*: that book is my dear brother's vade-mecum: not Alexander could more doat upon the *Ilias* of Homer, not Buonaparte on the *Fingal* of Ossian, not Miss in her teens on *the Tales of Terror*. From deep and awful musings on the contents of that marvellous compilation, Bob has gradually brought his train of historical ideas to such a pass, that, in his opinion, no occurrence of any magnitude takes place without its prognosticating *bagatelle*; and now, Mr. Satirist, it is no longer the mountain that brings forth the mouse, but it is, invariably with him, the mouse that brings forth the mountain. Bob is a staunch BURDETTITE, and plumes himself on the sagacious discovery *why the worthy baronet is so flighty all of a sudden*: he says, Paull must have bit the pistol-bullet that shot Sir F., some of the maniac's saliva must have entered the wounded thigh, and lain dormant, till recent agitations made the virus ferment and mount to the brain.

I remain, Sir, yours,

ABEL WISEACRE.

HINTS TO ANTIQUARIES.

If it were permitted me to compare great things with small, you, gentlemen, I might call the *moles* of society, as your researches are principally under ground; and though from your fondness for searching about abbey-walls, church-ruins, &c. an unskilful observer might suppose you to be grave-diggers, yet *your* object is to *bring to*

light what time has destroyed, not like the sexton to bury what the doctor *wishes hid*.

From the frequency of the nocturnal researches of your brother-diggers, the hospital purveyors, it has been supposed that most of the modern tomb-stones about town are apt to err a little when they say "Here lies," and this has been roguishly altered to "Here did lie;"—yet if it had been customary for our Danish ancestors to have set up tomb-stones on their *tumuli* with a "Hic jacet," I believe that our antiquaries would by this time have reduced them nearly to the state of poor old Priam, not indeed "sine nomine corpus," but *sine corpore nomen*!

When I see an antiquary with the utmost *gusto* licking the true *ærgo* off an *Otho*, or with microscopic eye, poring over the half-worn characters of a *Carausius*, I often wonder where the *dilletanti* wishes to go when he dies—for Heaven surely is no place for him: *there* "neither moth, nor rust doth corrupt," and if the good folks of past ages had laid up all their treasure there, one great source of happiness to the virtuoso would have been done away. With respect to the *other* place, I fancy he would meet with little better success in looking for old coins, as they must have been long ago melted in the infernal crucible.

As to be noticed and to be known is the *primum mobile* of the greatest part of mankind, (recollect when I say *greatest*, I allude to quantity not quality) we cannot suppose you, gentlemen, to be totally devoid of this stimulating principle; and in this, as in all other things, *singularity* is the great object.

Now, to read an inscription which *any body* may decypher, is a task unworthy you; *your* great object is to *read* those which are *illegible*. 'Tis true, some person as *learned* as yourself may give a new reading; but here

you have two advantages over him ;—first, you may say, that without the light which *you* threw on the subject, *he* could never have read it at all : and the next is that you may with great safety defy him to bring any proof whatever in support of his reading, as Shylock says “ ’tis not in the bond.”

With respect to *some* inscriptions you may be called on to examine, I would recommend to you before you translate them into *Latin*, to try whether it is not possible to read them in plain *English*, for such things may be ; you will thus avoid the perplexity of your learned brethren, who when a stone was found on the banks of a river in Cumberland with this inscription on it, KE·E·P·O N·T·H·I·S·S·I·D·E· very scientifically filled up the *hiatus*, and read it “ Koesar Pontifex hio jussit Saxum Sanctum Dei,” &c. when at length an old villager, with the help of his spectacles, recollected that it had been placed at the ford, as a guide to the *unlearned* traveller, warning him to “ keep on this side !”

The sister isle affords a similar example ; it is not an hundred years ago that some workmen were employed in clearing away a range of vaults under Christ Church in Dublin, when by some accident a large stone was knocked out of the wall, when the opening discovered a dark abyss ; this the overseer of the party immediately closed up, giving information to the reverend dean, who was well known to have a taste for antiquities.

The dean immediately convoked all his antiquarian friends, and they descended with sacred awe and fidgeting curiosity to this scene of wonders—the stone was again removed, the dean thrust in both his arms, and finding something tangible, eagerly seized, and brought forth to view an *urn* ! “ Happy discovery,” said he, “ here you see, gentlemen, is a convincing proof that the

Romans when they invaded Ireland, had not entirely laid aside the custom of burning their dead—for doubtless this contains the ashes of some person of note, and of course the coins which we shall find along with them will mark the era of interment.”—Then blowing off the venerable dust, “hah!” exclaimed he, “more wonders still!—here you see, gentlemen, this urn is covered with skin in a very good state of preservation.—Ah, what clever fellows these ancients were; what arts did they possess which we, their degenerate sons have lost! No leather of modern tanning could have so long withstood the ravages of time!” His wondering audience entreated him to pursue his research; he opened the urn, and introduced his hand which he as suddenly withdrew, with a stare of astonishment: some of the most sanguine of the groupe began to hope it might contain the serpent which St. Paul cast into the fire at Malta, when their attention was suddenly drawn to the opening in the wall, and a shrill voice, rendered more horrible from the scene around, was heard to utter these mysterious words.—“By Jasus, you have stolen my Gherkins—arraah what the devil are you doing wid the Gherkins!”—The fact was, they had broken into the fruit shop of an old woman who gained her livelihood by selling salt herrings, pickled gherkins, &c. in one of those subterranean abodes, formerly appropriated for the reception of the dead.

The true antiquary is not to content himself with sitting at home until he becomes as rusty as one of his own coins;—no—he must travel, but at the same time be particularly careful not to allow the rust to be rubbed off; it is beneath him to notice modern men, or modern manners; if he can get a peep at Cleopatra’s needle, he need not enquire whether the modern Egyptian ladies are industrious or not. He must be careful to find out such

things as no traveller has seen before him, and in travelling over Mount Horeb, or Mount Sinai, should he find a *broken part* of the ten commandments, or pick up one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels on the shore of the Red Sea—his fame is established : it is not necessary, however, that he should meet with Balaam's ass, or any other like sage of antiquity, except in a vision or a *mirror*. On his return some people may be rude enough to doubt *all* he has seen ;—his remedy is easy, let him sit down to contradict what others have been in the habit of believing, such as the authenticity of the Arundelian marbles, which he may call a modern forgery, or he may even deny the originality of Trajan's pillar.

You are now qualified to take the lead, on all disquisitions at home—though you may then consider the study of British antiquities as beneath your notice ; except indeed, the digging up a dead monarch, to find out the undertaker's costume of the tenth or twelfth century, and to ascertain the quality of the royal pickle. Here, for the sake of decorum, you may as well avoid the example of a certain *city* antiquary, who on a like occasion when his companions were satisfied with the smell, could not regulate his judgment by his olfactory nerves alone, but remembering the homely proverb about the pudding, fairly dipped his finger in for a sample—this proved him an antiquary of some *taste* !

As a man of science, your collection must be complete in all its parts, therefore should there be an hiatus in your series of Cæsars, or should one or two of the seven wise men be wanting, there can be no great harm in an honest forgery of an antique cast, and you have this in your favour, you can't be hanged for coining.

There is an easier way, however, of completing your series—for instance, where a friend invites you to see his

collection ; and should you do it neatly, why then, "he that is robbed, not knowing what he has lost, is not robbed at all." When I set down philosophically to consider your situation, I think you must be much happier than if fate had postponed your existence for two or three thousand years longer ; for then it is to be feared that the antiques we now possess will be destroyed by that surly old dog, "*Tempus, edax rerum*,"—and now when I see a Bank-note (which is not very often) it makes me almost weep for posterity, who will not be able to make any very deep researches into the coinage of the present day, as I fear we shall hardly have a guinea to leave them as a melancholy memento.

Ah ! if poor Billy had lived in the days of the Romans, how miserable we should have been—not a *Titus*, nor a *Nero* to bless ourselves with,—and the only amusement of our antiquaries would have been turning over the leaves of a Banker's book or a Subscription-list for the Miss Taylors of that day, if any such have been left among the Manuscripts of Herculaneum.

Though future ages may find a deficiency of *gold and silver* memorials, yet if a collection of our provincial coinage should be preserved to distant times, what high ideas must it not give them of our present state ; at least it will prove that there was a pretty general circulation of *Brass* in the nineteenth century.

We are told of some ancient statues, having names cut on them, as those of the artists ; but some ingenious antiquaries have discovered that the statues are of an older date than the existence of those gentlemen, who by a kind of pious fraud had *interpolated* their names, to snatch undeserved laurels and hand their memory down to posterity. Nay, it is said that modern antiquaries have engraved their own names on rare coins, for the same

purpose; this would do very well if it was not so clumsily imitated by our country bumpkins who take care to insert a stone in the front of the parish church to inform the gaping traveller, that it was "*beatified Anno Domini, Messrs. Grubbs and Stubbs, Churchwardens.*"

I shall now close my hints, gentlemen, with recommending you in all things to be as unintelligible as possible, in which you have a beautiful example in a certain learned society, who have placed a hint to the *unlearned* over the entrance to their apartments in Somerset-house, but as this hint is in *Greek*, it might not be improper for the society to place one of their learned members at the door as an interpreter, who during the summer exhibition might explain to the holiday folks the meaning of "*Ουδεις αμφοισις*."

Yours,

CROP THE CONJUROR.

THE SATIRIST'S ADDRESS,

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE:

An Imitation of Horace, Book I. Ode 14.

Hah ! Frantic ALBION; whither tends thy course ?
 Shun, shun the furious tempest's direful force :
 Return to port ; nor stript of pilots, brave
 The stormy surges of Sédition's wave.

NOTES.

Line 1. O Navis, . . . O quid agis ?

2, 3, 4. referent in mare te novi

Thy masts and yards are carried by the board ;
 Thy shatter'd tacklings slight relief afford ;
 Thy sails are gone, thy cables insecure :
 Scarce can thy sides, though *ribs of oak*, endure.

PITT is no more ; who, with resistless power,
 Long steer'd thy helm through each eventful hour :
 What boots thee, now, the fame thy warriors gain
 Thou *dread*, thou *pride*, thou MISTRESS of the Main.

Ah ! what avail thy trophies, idly spread
 If faction's blasts bow down thy laurell'd head.—

Ark of my earliest hope, my latest care !

Return to port ; nor BURDETT's breakers dare.

Fluctus . . . fortiter occupa

Portum. Nonne vides, ut

Nudum remigio latus,

5, 6. Et malus celeri saucius Africo,

Antennæque gemant ? ac sine funibus

7. Non tibi sunt integra lintea ;

8. Nix durare carinæ

Possint imperiosius

Æquor.

8, 10. Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo :

11, 12. Quamvis Pontica pinus,

Silvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes et genus, et nomen inutile.

Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus

Fidit.

14. Tu, nisi ventis

Debes ludibrium, cave.

15. Nunc desiderium curaue non levis !

16. Interfusa nitentes

Vites æquora Cycladas.

POLITICAL SKETCHES.

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If we examine the annals of the remotest ages, or cast our eyes even on the most savage nations of the present day, we shall find unceasing proofs of that ambition which pervades the heart of man, and prompts him to grasp at preeminence. As various as are the countries, the manners, and dispositions of the people, and the nature and genius of the governments in which this restless spirit may show itself, so various will, and must be, the modes which it will adopt, whether of bold usurpation, or of insidious craft. Where the prince is the sole judge of right and wrong, and the sole rewarder of merit, or of cunning, it will always be found that address and intrigue will be the most useful assistants of the ambitious; but in states where authority can only be derived from the public voice, the most successful means have been to acquire the confidence of the people, at least by well-dissembled public virtue, or by the promulgation of political tenets, flattering to the illiterate majority, but either impracticable in their nature, or practically destructive to civil liberty. In England, as the power of the prince or of the people has predominated, we have seen each means used, and each for a time successful.

The great increase of popular power and influence since the revolution, has however at the present day given a decided turn to party politics, and we all have seen attempts to deprive the Crown of the power even of choosing its own servants. The increase of patronage and of other *desiderata*, have rendered ministerial power, an object of greater importance, and the *Titans* of the day have in their

turn attacked the Olympian throne by insidious sap, or by open aggression. In the early and middle parts of the last century, the patriot in name was anxious to be a patriot indeed; he fostered those national opinions which were productive of national virtue, nor did he disdain even to apply national prejudices to beneficial purposes; midst all his attempts of grasping at power, he never forgot the dignity of his country; but, whether in peace or war, represented her as she really was, the first among nations. Of late years, however, the scene is totally shifted, and our would-be patriots seem to think that reviling their country is not only a proof of their patriotism, but also a sure passport to popularity: with many indeed, it may be so, for to those who have an innate consciousness of cowardice and meanness, a consciousness which they feel in spite of their self-conceit, it must be a gratification to think themselves in an equality of infamy, and to be told that all their countrymen are as despicable as themselves.

It is almost unnecessary to detail the circumstances which have given rise to the foregoing observation, indeed, every impartialist must acknowledge that we have now a set of men in the bosom of the country who have even gone to the very extremity of national depression, but who have fortunately hitherto defeated their own views by their own virulence.

Have we not witnessed in some men, when out of power, an impetuous eagerness to thwart every measure of government, and have we not seen them when in, adopt those very measures which they had stigmatized as the most obnoxious? Have we not heard these *pillars of liberty* talk with cool unconcern of sending an exciseman into every Englishman's house who chose to brew his own beer? Would not a patriot of old times be incredulous of

such a fact, until he was told that the principal supporters of this *party* measure, were themselves *public brewers*, and that these public brewers, these friends of liberty, these sticklers for the comforts and rights of the poor, were actually the monopolists of the greatest part of the public-houses of the metropolis, and had even been accused of possessing and of acting on an undue influence, in procuring licenses for their own houses to the exclusion of others?

Have we not read of those times, when the dignity and honour of the nation were the watch-words of every opposition? and have we not ourselves witnessed those speeches and declamations in which cowardice, melancholy, and despair, have been rung through all their changes by our pseudo-patriots? Have we not seen them, with a dereliction of all common prudence, as well as of all common decency, endeavour to tie up the hands of their countrymen, and even to foster a *departure from duty* which might have ruined their country? Have we not heard them endeavour to depress the national ardour, by magnifying the power of our enemies; have we not heard them use every means of exposing our real, or of pointing out our imaginary weakness so as to inspire our enemies with hopes from continued warfare or from diplomatic obstinacy? Have we not heard *one patriot* declare "that the country was not worth defending;" and *another* assert in the assembly of the nation, even after three of the greatest naval victories on record, "that our arms were marked with disgrace and defeat, that we were crouching at the feet of France, and that all which was left for us, was to say, give us peace, on any terms, give us peace?"—

Nay, have we not heard a set of men assume to themselves the *name of whigs*, and then with an effrontery, which bade

defiance to the common sense of the country, stand forward in support of those very principles, the abhorrence of which, was the characteristic of ancient whiggism? Have they not attempted to thrust Popery into power? and have they not indeed justified the observation, that their boasted liberality to all religions arose from their disregard of any?

Midst their political eccentricities we have seen them aim at the character of prophets; every political, every warlike campaign has been regularly opened with assertions which scarcely needed refutation, and with predictions of disaster, which, their own conduct too often tended to realize. They have accused their opponents of leaving the country with scarce an ally; and when in power themselves, they have, with a disgraceful apathy, left our allies without co-operation, without even countenance; nay at a period not very remote, it is a well known fact, that a *counter ambassador* was sent to counteract at a foreign court, the regular diplomacy of their sovereign and of their country. But since this party has deservedly fallen in public estimation, we have seen a third attempt to spring up, partly on principles which the majority of the nation have fortunately long held in detestation, and partly on affected expressions of loyalty; these "Friends of reformation," with great apparent candour tell us, that "they have no objections to one set of gentlemen more than another, and that their only wish is to see them all virtuous, all pure, and all disinterested." That there are many who believe them is unfortunately too true: it is proper, however, before the mass of the nation can be infected by their spurious patriotism that we should analyze *their* pretensions to trust and credence. We see one man stand up as the accuser of the son of his Sovereign; we hear him boast in the city of Westminster of his *independence*, and on the very same day we see his bill for 1500l.

publicly offered for sale in the city of London for 500l. ! We hear him boast at a public meeting that his connexion with a revengeful woman arose not from any *improper* motives, but merely from a wish to elucidate corruption ; and yet, in direct contradiction to this, we find him by his own evidence in another place, acknowledge that nearly *five years ago* he was then so intimate with this very woman as to take her *applications for her friends*, in order to procure attestations and recommendations, in cases which she has acknowledged she took in hand for sums of money received or promised. We see another stand forward as an advocate for the purity of election, who boasts of having been elected for a city *free of expence*, and who at the same time is well known, both by himself and agents, to have been guilty of the most flagrant acts of *bribery and corruption* at an antecedent election. We see another apparently tenacious of the public purse, yet we know him to have robbed that purse by repeated acts of smuggling ; we hear him talk of honesty and virtue, whilst the charge of a judge points him out to us as a man unworthy of belief ; we hear him bellow against placemen and pensions, and yet we know him to have solicited a place on terms which would have been most disgracefully lucrative.

We see another who has been in turn the champion of loyalty and of patriotism, or of reform and revolution ; we see him one day pourtray the character of a democrat, a jacobin, and a reformer, in the most accurate colours, and we see him the next, adopt that very line of conduct which he had held up so lately to public execration, and declared worthy of the gallows. And are these men to be the regenerators of a *fallen* country as they term it ? No—Heaven forbid that the good sense of the nation should be misled by men so polluted, so frantic, and so infamous !

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

 No. V.

HAVING exemplified the nature of "simple motions," the analysis of "compound motions" naturally follows; now this term "compound" may either apply to the motion itself, to the mover, or to both—for instance, a motion prefaced with loyalty and ending with reform, is a compound, or as our immortal poet has it, a "*villainous compound*," but such an one, however, as poor John Bull is often forced to swallow in large doses.

If the motion is thus deserving the name of a *compound*, so may the mover in general be reckoned a compound also, in which it is difficult to decide whether knavery or folly are predominant; as long, however, as the doors of county-halls, or of the Crown and Anchor tavern, are open, we shall have no deficiency either of movers or of motions, though it may perhaps be prudent for the proprietors of the latter school of eloquence to be careful that these "honourable movers" move off with no more than they have paid for!

Our premises thus laid down, we shall proceed to the exemplification of the *phora* and *periphora* of modern motions, as applicable to straight-forward progression, or to that circumrotatory mode of motion which spins the heads of the auditory round like so many whipping-tops, until what little senses they have partake of the whirling motion, and are insensibly drawn into the vortices of absurdity, and of revolutionary clamour.

PROBLEM 1st.

How to attack corruption.

This is the grandest of all grand problems, and requires a little previous *skill* and *practice*, for the old proverb says "Set a thief to catch a thief." Look around you for a man who has always bellowed loudly for *purity of election*; of these there are *many* of the present day, but you must choose him who petitioned against the return of his opponent, and who withdrew that petition, as soon as he ascertained that this opponent had procured positive proofs of the petitioner's having been guilty of some flagrant acts of *bribery and corruption* himself. Your instrument thus prepared, let his fame and praises be sounded through a *Horn*,* or let them be *registered* by him who left the "Bible, the Mitre, and the Crown" in order to find a better sale for the effusions of his prostituted pen in opposition to the three; then dress a dinner, cook up a few speeches, garnish them with corruption, reform, and revolution, if necessary stick in a small spice of loyalty, set your man in the chair, and serve it all up hot.

PROBLEM 2d.

How to give a clear evidence.

First swear that you saw your female friend but *once* on any particular day; then confess that you saw her *twice*, but have a kind of fashionable uncertainty, whether you made this *second* visit, in your carriage or on foot; after this you may acknowledge that you made *three* visits to her on that very day, but that really they had escaped your memory. Those who will, after this may trust your *honour*, though they will not trust to your memory on a

* A Tyro in politics, from Patney-Heath, has offered to supply a Cow's Horn, or the Devil's Horne for this purpose.

cross-examination. There is another mode of giving a clear evidence, which may come in here, though it has a reference to the politics of letters.

PROBLEM 3d.

How to deny a letter, which you are at length forced to acknowledge.

Let a letter be read, in which it appears that you have taken other letters for the very purpose of aiding a swindling prostitute in those nefarious schemes, which you are then attempting, on *her evidence alone*, to throw with all their odium on your *chargée*. Deny all knowledge of these letters until confronted by your own evidence, who not having her cue, forces you to confess that *you really have such letters*, and then in hopes of averting the indignation of *the audience* and all further enquiry, declare your readiness to submit them to investigation, and that you mean not to keep any thing secret. Should cross-examination proceed after this, you need not study for a reply, as you will doubtless have some friend at hand to whisper you a hint.

PROBLEM 4th.

How to move an impeachment.

Declare to your audience that you have seven charges to produce ; enter into them all diffusely ; let the *three last* be of such a nature as will make a great impression on the prejudices of the public ; if they are totally false they will be the more susceptible of embellishment, and the more likely to answer your purpose ; you may then *with great candour* declare, that you only mean to ground your motion on the *four first* charges, by which means you save yourself from the disgrace of refutation, and succeed in blackening the character of the man whom you are even then putting upon his country.

By such a line of conduct you will infallibly make the

virtuous sigh for *Blackbread* in a desert, in preference to living with *Whitebread* even in England.

PROBLEM 5th.

How to make a charge in a more modern style.

Associate yourself with some discarded mistress, worm yourself into her confidence, draw from her every scene of infamy in which she has played a part, then ask her if she will confess the whole, and accuse her quondam keeper as a participater; if she consents, make a strict search even into the most private places, for all her letters, and *take* those which will answer your purpose.

Your next object is to prepare your charges; let these be formed from her fabricated tales of men who are either dead, having fallen in the service of their country, or of men who are too far distant to contradict your bold assertions; in the first place, "Dead men tell no tales;" in the second, your object will doubtless be accomplished before they can possibly return home. Talk much of *virtue*, of the *honour* and *credibility* of your witness; and should that not be sufficient to obtain belief, you may by some lucky *Chance* be enabled to find a *Taylor* that will have no objection to patch up your evidence.

PROBLEM 6th.

How to disgust your allies.

The ways of solving this problem are so various that it is only necessary to mention a few of the most obvious.

First, doubt their sincerity, next depreciate their means; after this you may venture not only to throw out inuendoes against our own troops, but also against every officer employed, unless he happens to be of your own party; accuse them of forfeiting the interests of their own country, and of compromising, those of the ally; point out, if you can, the most vulnerable parts to the enemy, and ac-

cuse your opponents of imbecility and neglect for not imposing a form of government on those whose liberty, they had professed avowedly to protect. In your attack stick to no principle, attempt not even to be consistent either with yourself or your friends; by this means, like a smatterer at billiards, you have the chance of the tables and as you have been so long playing the *losing game*, you need not be afraid of *holing* yourself.

PROBLEM 7th.

How to exhilarate the enemies of your country.

Magnify all evils at home, and when there are none, you may create a few; represent your country as unworthy of *defence*, but fail not to represent it as being well deserving an *attack*. Mention all the weakest points, for though it would be treason to send this information across the water in a letter, yet you may with great safety transmit them in a speech. Move for every official paper of importance to the enemy; take every opportunity of enquiring of the minister what he intends to do, that your friends may have fair warning; and above all things, when you find Europe beginning to spurn indignantly at the yoke of a tyrant, and to look with confidence to your country for support and co-operation, endeavour to paralyze your opponents, and to disarm your countrymen, by destroying their confidence in their military defenders, and by the wide-wasting cry of *Reform*.

In a succeeding number we shall give a few practical problems for domestic enemies, public and private, whether political registrars, common informers, or *surveyors of the pavements*.

THE BRITISH NEWSPAPERS SUBSERVIENT TO THE CAUSE OF SLAVERY.

Què, què, sccelesti, ruitis ?

HOR. *Ode V. 7.*

It is impossible for any real friend to rational liberty and the truly unalienable rights of Britons, to contemplate the present state of Europe without poignant anguish of heart. We speak neither to the illiterate, nor to the uninformed ; we, therefore, speak with the greater boldness. The times are sadly out of joint : the inveterate enemy to even the semblance of freedom is, as it were, now thundering at our gates ; whilst the dæmons of savage licentiousness are incessantly toiling to blow up our citadel, and to throw down our massive battlements, under the specious and delusive pretence of indispensable Reform. At such a crisis, whilst every minor power has long ceased to breathe as an independent nation, whilst Russia looks on the passing scene with listless apathy, and Spain and Austria alone still raise the arm of just defiance ; *at such a crisis*, we say, the man who can coolly stand, folding his hands, and discussing abstract principles of right and wrong, must possess a head incurably weak, or a heart incurably corrupt. Far from us, and from our friends, be the frigid indifference of the besotted monster who could fiddle away whilst Rome was burning for the gratification of his wayward fancy !—Let certain personages beware : the fate of more than one Nero is recorded in history : those who emulate the crime, may partake the punishment.

To attempt to deny that Napoleon Buonaparte is an

usurper of consummate abilities, were an act of folly: the tyrant has exhibited many indisputable proofs of talent, though few of magnanimity. Be this his praise; it is just, and it is limited: we scorn to defraud even a villain of his due renown. But, when, week after week, and day after day, our ears are nauseated with the fulsome panegyrics of THE BRITISH NEWSPAPERS; and we perceive some of them exaggerating the merits and (good God!) the virtues of this low-bred, black-hearted scoundrel, we blush for our countrymen, we blush indignantly for ourselves. Every sentiment we hear, so indecently and so unnaturally disseminated *with the pertinacity of proselytism*, insults us like an ignominious blow; it gives the lie direct to all our notions of morality, it vilifies the doctrines of our religion. Is an adulterer, a poisoner, and a robber *virtuous*? Is a self-proclaimed atheist *religious*? And is a murderer *philanthropic*?

In proportion to their extravagant eulogies of the Corsican, are the obloquies of our Newspapers against our few remaining allies. It should, really, seem as if the ingenious editors had ensured their independence for more than what they deem its fair *value*, and therefore they wish to come upon the underwriters as soon as possible. Does the continent slumber feverishly in a state of hollow peace? "*The people are slavishly inclined and deserve their chains.*" Does the Emperor of Austria make one more desperate appeal to arms? "*He is a blockhead, and unfit to govern.*"

If we turn our eyes to the land of our birth, alas! shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it: the sovereign and the heir apparent* are mocked by invidious comparisons, the houses of parliament are defamed indiscriminately

* See Citizen BURDETT's invective at the Crown and Anchor tavern, 1st May, 1809.

the executive government is openly accused, with the emulative ardour of fanaticism and faction. And here, again, we behold Newspapers, *formerly* considered the most patriotic and loyal, *now* giving full and prompt publicity to the insinuations of libellers, and the ravings of democrats, with all the eagerness and virulence of Cobbett's *Register*.

CHARGES, however, heavier still (if possible) remain; inasmuch as *actual* is more malignant than *constructive* treason : e. g.

1. Is a secret expedition on foot? The instant that the editors of the THE BRITISH NEWSPAPERS get the smallest inkling of the fact, they hire spies, they bribe informers, they beset the regular public offices with their partizans and emissaries of every kind; till they worm themselves a little into a knowledge of the plan. Then, instantly are their interested presses set to work; and issue in lavish profusion, hints, inuendoes, reports, communications, digests, narratives, &c. &c. &c. *pour l'information du grand Empereur des Gaules, et de ses sujets.*

2. Again: Are the Spaniards overwhelmed? Are the Austrians defeated? The instant that a *Moniteur* arrives from the crafty enemy's port, the clerks of the post office are feed for garbled articles of disastrous intelligence; *second* and *third* editions are soon rapidly struck off; and the supposed calamities of our bravest friends are exultingly detailed, commented on, and enforced in every shape and mode of animadversion: *car telle est la bonne volonté de sa majesté le grand Empereur des Gaules!!!*

Could any thing open the understandings of a still flourishing, valiant, and mighty empire, we do think the bare, temperate exhibition of these damning FACTS might succeed.

CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

PART III.*

To the sparrow alone upon the house-top.†

DEAR FRIEND IN THE BEST OF BONDS,

BELIEVING in my heart that the fulness of perfect love hath been revealed in you, and having long had a most cordial affection for you, to whom I have reason to believe the Lord has made me in some measure useful, "and knowing that you are stationed at a distance from the main stock of the family, and in a barren land, where no water is; and being too remote from the breasts of consolation to pay attendance at the nurseries. I have determined with myself to send these displays of covenant love to you, hoping they may supply that lack of service, which the distance between you and Bethel forbids in the common course of the ministry." § "For the long acquaintance that I have had with you, and the soul-union I have felt in your company, and the joy which has enlightened your countenance at certain moments, convince me of the certain indwelling of the true soul and spirit of love in you. In this confidence, and with these motives, I send

* For PARTS I. and II. See SATIRIST, Nos. XVI. and XIX.

† We cannot in justice pass over this expression without observing that the CONFESSOR has palpably stolen it from W. HUNTINGDON, S. S. in whose BANK OF FAITH, Part II. p. 95, the very same words will be found as a superscription to a letter. SATIRIST.

‡ BANK OF FAITH, Part II. p. 3.

these things to you, hoping they will be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable ; and that this faithful account of my dealings with others of your sex will add prospects to your sight, encouragement to your hope, and love to your heart."*

While I was yet a youth I was inwardly convicted of the truth of that passage in scripture, which saith that woman was made for man, but as I could not tell which particular woman was made for me, I resolved to try all that came in my way lest by chance I might miss the right. I knew indeed that strange women were an abomination, but none were long strange to me : and whenever I saw a woman of fair presence these passages would come into my mind with power ; ' Let love be without dissimulation,' ROM. c. xii. v. 9 ; ' Love is the fulfilling of the law,' ROM. c. xiii. v. 10 ; and at such times I would say, ' and now I beseech thee, lady, that we love one another,' JOHN, EPIST. ii. v. 5 : nor did I often apply this text in vain. What were the fruits of my labours will in due course appear ; but I will now proceed to speak of some particular cases in which I was concerned.

While I was in service, the family I served went to London, and left a woman, one of the baser sort, to keep the house ? As we were now whole days and nights alone together, and the woman was comely to behold, I often laboured with all my strength to impress upon her the necessity and holiness of mutual love. But she was hard of heart, and I began to think that she was one who could not be worked upon, and I became exceedingly sorrowful thereat. ' She soon perceived the sorrow of my mind and the tender regard I paid to holiness ; so she inwardly melted, and at times would talk about religion,

* BANK OF FAITH, Part II. p. 4.

and appear in a garb of sanctity. This hypocrisy was assumed in order to sift me; and as I longed for some person to condole with me, I often hinted to her the sore temptations under which I laboured; and finding that my speaking to her assuaged my grief and eased my complaint, I thought her a friend that took pity. But she afterwards turned all into ridicule, broke forth in the vulgar tongue, and appeared with every feature of the Devil! However, we must expect those swine to turn again from their hypocritical profession to their former filthiness, and to rend our souls with reproach, if we are so foolish as to cast our pearls before them. All the rest of the winter I heard nothing from her mouth but contempt upon all that had passed between us. But in summer I escaped the scourge of her tongue, and went to live elsewhere, and as it turned out I did but just escape in time, for soon after she bore a child, and if I had tarried till the churchwardens could have laid hands on me, they might have made me maintain it, for she could not be persuaded to father her child on any one else. She was, however, soon after taken extremely ill, and in her illness, out of her hatred to me, was violently tempted to murder her child that lay with her, and fearing lest she should perpetrate this horrid crime, she leaped out of bed, ran naked into the fore-court, was brought in again by force, and soon after expired. Thus she fell and died in the temptations of Satan, which she had so often laughed at, but which I knew by experience were no laughing matter. Her name was COLE.*

I was not, however, always so fortunate, for sometimes

* This story appears to be copied almost verbatim from "The Naked Bow of God," by W. HUNT-ington, S.S. London, 1808. If it is not copied the coincidence is certainly very extraordinary. Note by the SATIRIST.

my master would expose me to troubles to try my faith; and this time I owed my escape from those Philistines, the churchwardens, chiefly to my changing my name from **HOAX** to **HOAXINGDON**. But this shift did not serve me a second time, though it was not long before I had the same occasion to try it again. It is not necessary here to detail the whole of my labours of love, nor all the persecutions I suffered in consequence, for the sinful look with an evil eye upon babes of grace, and the children of love find no favour in the sight of the churchwarden. And to be sure, wherever I was, no babe of grace could be born but it was laid at my door; I believe there were a dozen warrants of bastardy out against me at the same time, but my back was broad enough to bear the burthen, and through the favour of my gracious master I avoided the snares which the wicked had laid to catch me, Whatever they might say, I was satisfied that what they laid to my charge "was no great crime, seeing we are commanded to increase and multiply."* In truth, I felt assured that by these labours of love I performed an acceptable service to my master, yet I feared whether by suffering so many living evidences of my diligence to appear, I might not be deemed as one vainglorious, or puffed up with my own conceit, even as a Pharisee: and I was more seriously convinced of this foolishness, when some years afterwards, as I became notorious, and had wherewithal to pay, "*thirty pounds were demanded for these follies of my youth.*"† This I looked on as a hint from my gracious master how to dispose of such babes of grace in future: but I had before considered that I should be doing a double service by confining my labours of love

* **NAKED BOW OF GOD**, &c. p. 33.

† **BANK OF FAITH**, Part II. p. 8.

to such pious sisters as were married, since I should serve the husband as well as the wife, even if the husband were not of the elect himself; for it is said, "the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, else were their children unclean, but now they are holy." By this means, too, I avoided the imputation of vain-glory, since the husbands would have the credit of the fruits of my labours, because my labours would be unknown; to which purpose there is a proverb which need not here be repeated. I should be unthankful, however, not to confess that I gathered this wisdom from a persecution which my gracious master thought fit to lay upon me, which was after the manner following: whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

There was a comely maiden whose name was Mary, whom I resolved, from the first moment I saw her, to make one of the chosen vessels of the Lord. I dearly loved her, but it was some time before I could draw her aside from the flesh; and my chief obstacle was one "Scurving, by trade a barber,"* who had a hankering after the maiden himself. Many were the tricks, which, in the wickedness of his malice, this shaving son of Belial played us. One night when I, together with Mary and some other pious sisters who were united to me in the band of love, had met in a hay-loft, SCURVING came in, dressed in a woman's bonnet, petticoat, and a black oil-skin cloak; his face smeared with tallow, and coloured with soot: he placed himself in a corner of the loft, and stood motionless till the sisters were thrown into confusion, and then he withdrew. The next day we were hooted through the village, and were told that the Devil had made his appearance at our meeting the night before; and so the event nearly justified; for one day as he was

* NAKED BOW, &c. p. 29.

sitting in his chair, the Devil entered into him in reality; for he jumped up, cried out, ran to the Bible and Common Prayer-book quite distracted; then rushed into the street, and was obliged to be brought into the house again by force, and put to bed; but he soon made his escape, and ran out with no other covering but his shirt,* telling the bystanders that he had lathered the Devil, and he must make haste and shave him; and, as he died soon afterwards, it is not unlikely that he obtained the appointment of barber-extraordinary to his Satanic majesty. After his death I and Mary "were favoured with some *comfortable meetings*; our hearts were happily united to each other. In this day of prosperity we were joyful; but after a *few months* were over, came the day of adversity, in which we were obliged to consider; finding, by woeful experience, that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of love.†" Not, however, that there was much time allowed us for consideration; for the churchwardens, who had got an inkling of our doings from that wicked barber, no sooner understood how great a progress I had made in Mary towards a new birth by my labours of love, than they laid hands on me, and dragging me together with the maiden, to their altar of idolatry, compelled me, under threats of imprisonment and stripes, to marry her. Now, it went sorely against my conscience to marry, especially as I could get nothing by it; and I remembered how it is said "he that is unmarried careth for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife;" and it is added in the same place, "he that hath decreed in his

* NAKED BOW, &c. p. 28.

† Ibid, p. 30.

heart that he will keep his virgin doeth well." 1 Cor. vii. 37. Wherefore I said unto the churchwardens, " Mine answer to them that do examine me is this ; have we not power to eat and to drink ? Have we not power to lead about a sister, a woman, as well as other apostles ?" 1 CORINTH. ix. 3, 4, 5. Nevertheless they would that I should marry the damsel called Mary, which under the terror of the law I did, and behold, on the third day after our marriage she bare a child.

And here, before I proceed, I must recount a particular providence. It happened one morning early after my marriage, that my wife asked me for the tinder-box, *seemingly* in great fright, crying out, ' I wonder the poor child has not waked all night !' She lighted the candle and took up the child ; and behold it was dead and as black as a coal ! It went off in a convulsive fit, as five more have done since, all of whom turned black also. Here Providence appeared.*" For if Providence had not strangled my children, and so removed them from the sins of this world, I do not know how I should have disposed of them myself. As it was, however, I cared not how numerous a brood I had. " I have been married upwards of twenty years, have had thirteen children ; just Jacob's number, thirteen to the dozen : and instead of being a beggar, am as rich as ever I was : and do believe that, was I to die this day, if all matters were properly settled, I should be clear of the world. And I am sure that faith is satisfied with an honourable discharge through this world ; but, if we aim to supply the wants of infidelity, all the world is not sufficient to satisfy her demands.†"

But to return to the subject I have now more immediately in hand. By being compelled to marry, which as I

* BANK OF FAITH, Part I. p. 33.

† Ibid. DEDICAT. p. xxi.

said, was much against my conscience, I was enabled to perceive the error I had committed ; if I had confined my labours to those who were joined in wedlock, my gracious master would not have cast this chain of matrimony upon me. But as matters now stood I began to petition him “ that I might devote body, soul, time, and talents to the good of his chosen ;” * for I now began clearly to see that he intended to establish me as a preacher by his opening many doors for me, and because many souls were awakened by my instrumentality. † “ To be a gospel labourer is a rare thing ; but to be a dumb dog, to lie at the bone and forget to bark is very common.” ‡ Nobody, however, could accuse me of this ; when I got a bone § that I liked, I growled over it to keep all others away. “ At Ewel I first began to speak for my gracious master ; and indeed I had been so marvellously delivered, and was blessed with such a sense of everlasting love that I was constrained to it. || ” And now I found the advantage of being married ; for those sisters who were before shy of my ministry for fear of the scorner, now came readily to me seeking the tree of life, which they could do without reproach under colour of visiting my help-mate.

There was, I remember, “ one man, whose name was Munfield, who brought his wife with him, who seemed to receive the seed by the way-side or to begin where she should have left off ; namely, with joy. But the world beginning to laugh at her, withered all her joy, and kept her from any more ; and she left my ministry to the great grief of my soul. ¶ ” “ But there was a young widow who

* BANK OF FAITH, Part I. p. 63.

† Ibid. p. 57.

‡ Ibid. p. 46.

§ Does the Confessionist mean a RIB, or a Bon-a Roba, as the bully Pistol says ? *Query by Satirist.*

|| NAKED BOW, &c. p. 10.

¶ Ibid. p. 22.

came to hear me; and my text was, *Go therefore into the highways, and as many as ye find bid to the marriage;* and in my discourse I often repeated those words spoken by Eliphaz to Job, '*Call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn?*' Turn! said I, turn to none but the Lord, for if the most upright among men is but as a brier, we have no reason like Abraham's ram, to hang our horns in a bush, lest we fall a sacrifice. And providence opened the heart of the young widow, so that she attended to the things shewn by the tinker, and heard the gospel constantly afterward. At last she was seized with most violent convictions, being obliged to leave her place, and go home to the work-house, where a doctor was sent to lay a blister on her head, which is not a very proper remedy in her condition. In short, it made her quite *delirious*, and then she called earnestly on the Lord. They then shook her, abused her for praying, and declared her with child and mad; and when they found she had been among the methodists, it was easily accounted for; therefore they handled her accordingly. But when she got a little better, she sent for me to come and pray by her, which I accordingly did; and then she told me of their cruel usage to her. I spoke to my wife about it; and we borrowed a bed, for appearance sake, and got her home to our house. My dame nursed her body and I tried to nurse her soul; soon after which she got well in body and in mind. And she continued to sit under my ministry for about six years, when she fell into a deep decline, and launched forth into eternity in all the triumph of a gospel conqueror. And here is the end of that mystery. During her first sickness I promised to pay for her board and for physic; but I thought better of it, so I sent to a lady, a pious sister in the Lord, to do it for me, and told her my receipt should

be her discharge. She readily complied and paid the whole bill."

But just now my treacherous memory recalls an amusing providence, which was after this manner. "I had been doing a little work in my flower-garden, and finding that it wanted a few additional roots, I went to a garden at a little distance from my house to look over a few things. While I was walking about by myself among the flowers," watching an opportunity to help myself to such as I wanted, "a well dressed motherly-looking woman stepped up to me, and supposing me to be the gardener, (for my appearance was more like the slave than the *prelate*) she thus addressed me in a *free* and *jocose* manner; 'Now, Mr. Gardener, if you please, I want a root to put in my pot, and it must be a root that will last,' I looked up very seriously at the lady, and replied, 'Well, I believe I can tell you where you may get such a root.' At this answer she *smilingly* asked where? I answered 'In the book of Job; for he says, *the root of the matter is found in me.* Job xix. 28. And, if you can get that root into your pot, the root and the pot both will last for ever.' She then asked, 'And pray have you got that root in you?' I answered her, 'I verily believe I have.' Upon which she replied, 'It is well with you, and it is very true what you have said.' After a short intercourse of love, I told her that I was not the gardener, but that she would find him at the bottom of the garden, attending some ladies and gentlemen. She dropped a curtsey, and departed with a smile; and I secretly wished that these things might dwell in her until the root of gospel love struck an everlasting fibre in her heart. Soon after this a man came to measure me for a great coat. I asked who sent him. He told me that was to be kept secret. But as I in-

* BANK OF FAITH, Part I. p. 134, 135.

sisted on knowing who sent him, he said that he was sent by a woman who once asked me for a root to put in her pot. I told him that I had two very good great coats, but stood in need of a close-bodied one, and particularly of a pair of breeches, as the lady must have observed, my master of late having neglected to furnish me with that necessary part of human adornment; and if the lady thought proper to make me a present of such, I should be obliged to her. The man measured me, and soon after brought the articles home,*" and as I admired the workmanship of them and particularly the stitching, he told me that the lady had had a hand in the breeches herself.

I shall only mention one other providence now, in which thyself was concerned. "It came to pass one evening that a person came to inform me, that a woman (who was lately taken very ill, and was apparently near death) desired to see me. I accordingly went, and, when I came to her bed-side, asked her if she had sent for me. She replied, 'Yes.' I asked her what she had sent for me to do. She told me she was a native of Scotland, where she had often heard people speak of their comforts and peace, but used to envy them for it, and at other times thought they spoke nonsense; but still she found a secret want of something, which she had long sought; and she told me she had never found that power until I preached the sermon from the text in Habbakkuk,—*'He had horns coming out of his hand, and there was a hiding of his power.'* Under that discourse, said she, the spirit of power came to me. My husband is a stone-mason, and is gone to Ireland, to be the foreman of a very large building there, and I am, in time, to go after him, if God spares my life; but as my good man has left me for a time, *the*

* BANK OF FAITH, Part I. p. 150, 154.

Almighty has come in his room!" She now gave me a very sweet account of the operations of the spirit of love upon her. These tidings made my bowels yearn, as I could call to my remembrance the soul-travail I had been exercised with on the day that the text was brought to my mind, and the sweet mystery that was opened to me in it; as also my master's goodness in accompanying it with such power to her soul, and now to lay her on a bed, that she might send for me, to inform me that I had not preached nor travelled in vain. She attended my ministry for about two years, appearing a most amiable christian. She always sat with her head down; and when she got her portion, like Hannah, she would set off without either looking or speaking to any body, as if she suspected every one that spoke to her to be a robber. *Indeed she was no bastard—she was my own daughter—*she loved a private religion; and I believe she kept her day-book very strictly. I dearly loved her soul in the bowels of Christ, as I had begotten her, and had sorely travailed for her."*The truth of this thou knowest, my dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and my crown, for as Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the woman." "I had now and then a pleasing fit of laughter while writing it, and thou wilt feel something besides a spring of tears in reading it; so I conclude, and so you will confess."† Beloved, farewell,

Thine, in covenant love,

W.H. S.S.

We cannot dismiss the article without observing, as we have had occasion to do in another place where it was our object to expose the hypocrisy and shocking blasphemy of the methodists, that if the language or images are impure we are not accountable for their impurity. We only hope that the exposure may create sufficient disgust, to

* BANK OF FAITH, Part I. p. 142.

† Ibid. Part II. p. 33.

induce the removal of what is thus offensive. Though we are, in a certain degree, the friends of religious toleration, we are not the friends of religious abuse. We are the enemies of interested hypocrisy whatever shape it may assume. Upon a reference to the passages which are cited at the bottom of our page, from works now widely circulated, it will be seen that the CONFESSOR has almost copied word for word, making no other alterations than such as were necessary to give his story a connected appearance; and in every case where alterations are made he has only softened down the blasphemous character of his prototype. With the hope therefore of effecting some good for the cause of true religion by presenting a faithful picture of METHODISM, we shall continue to insert the CONFESIONS of W.H. S.S. SATIRIST.

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### TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

SIR,

*Cullibility*, if you will allow me to use so *elegant* an expression, seems to be the characteristic of an Englishman. Every new-fangled invention, however absurd, that knavery can suggest, meets with supporters; every impostor finds dupes. I, Sir, though I am not so *sappy* as to hold a share in the *gas light* institution; am no proprietor of the *tunnel under the Thames*; nor have insured the life of my old broken winded *Suffolk punch*, nor that of my *cat* who is upon the verge of kittening; though I am not so dull as to be persuaded that the accounts of a *first lord of the treasury* would be more faithfully balanced, because he was at the same time *auditor of the Exchequer*; or that justice, (in a case of libel or high treason



for instance,) would be more impartially administered, because a *chief-justice* was also a *member of the privy council*; or that the best and first proof of œconomy in a *minister* was giving a pension to a battered strumpet; or that the dovelike\* Earl St. Vincent, in his flaming *tirade* at Chelmsford last year, was actuated solely by a love of his country; or that Sir Francis Burdett is an advocate for a *moderate* reform: (*nil mediocre placet*) I, who have not subscribed my thirteen pence halfpenny for Miss Taylor, as I keep it against the time it may be of use to Mr. Cobbett, and will readily pay it for his service when demanded by *lawful* authority, even I, Sir, who have given these many proofs of sagacity, have been *taken in*, and according to the above criterion, proved myself to be a true Englishman.

Sir, I am fond of reading: but the inaccuracy of compositors, the negligence of printers, and the oscitancy of *soi-disant* correctors of the press, has frequently excited my wrath, by puzzling me in the midst of the most interesting paragraph. Guess then, Sir, at my raptures when I was informed of the revival of the *stereotype* mode of printing! Its *excellencies* were to be as many as Buonaparte's *Dukes*! but the pre-eminent one was that every book was to be absolutely faultless! The *immaculate* Glasgow Horace, its *immaculate* rival the St. Andrew's Virgil, and other editions as *immaculate* as Miss Taylor, (*ἡ ἀνταρτα εὐνοτοσίῳ*, my name, Sir, is not D—rnley,) were all, all to "hide their diminished heads" before the *stereotype* editions. Gulled by these professions, in an evil hour did I buy *Novum Testamentum Græcum &c. ACCURANTE Gulielmo Whitfield Dakins, LL.D. Editio stereotypa* 1808: first, because it was *editio stereotypa*; secondly, because I had been informed, though with what truth I

\* Earl St. Vincent, like the amiable bird above mentioned, is said to have no gall.

cannot say, that the university of Oxford had conferred the degree of LL.D. on the *accurate* editor, in consequence of this edition ; surely these were recommendations sufficient to induce the most hard-hearted to buy and read it. I, Sir, did both : the latter, with more care than the editor, and I will give you briefly the result of my labour.

The book consists of 482 pages ; and, calculating that each page on an average has four faults, (which, I solemnly assure you, is *within* the mark) this accurate edition has no fewer than 1728 typographical errors !!! (See Cocker's Arithmetic, art. *Multiplication*) That many of these consist in the omission or erroneous position of *accents* or *breathings*, a *grave* for an *acute*, a *lene* for a *rough*, and *vice versa*, " I am free to admit ;" but who was to expect this in the faultless stereotype ? yet, Sir, I will thank you, in some future number, and, N. B. when you have nothing *better* to employ your time, to tell me what is meant by Ἰηκῆς, Matt. vii. 28. λέκοντες, ix. 18. ἀκνέτον, xi. 15. δαθήσεται, xxv. 29. λόγω, xxvi. 13. λέλει, John ii. 3. γνῆ, iv. 17. Ραζφί, 31. ἔρχισας, Acts iv. 27. μέλλον, Eph. v. 11. ἰσχυρὸν, Rev. v. 2. σύνδοχοι, Matt. xviii. 31. and by ἔωτες, xix. 10. and by ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ ΠΡΟΣ ΙΑΚΩΒΟΥ, pp. 379, 381, 383 ?\*

‘ Cætera de genere hoc, adeo sunt multa  
Delassare valent.’

Pity me, dear Sir, for having so thrown away my money and my time ; and forgive me for trespassing so far on your patience and valuable pages.

Your sincere well wisher,

ΜΙΣΟΣΤΕΡΕΟΤΤΗΩΤΩΝ.

London, May 10, 1809.

\* We confess and lament our inability to gratify this correspondent's curiosity. E.

## A WARNING.

At this dread period when malignant fate  
 Glares like a fiery meteor on the state,  
 Lo ! how sedition's sons with treacherous blow,  
 Assist the purpose of a foreign foe,  
 How *Wardle, Whitbread, Folkstone, Burdett* join  
 To aid the Gallic plunderer's dark design,  
 And try by reformation's shadowy charm  
 To chill the patriot's heart, and soldier's arm.

So when the man of Macedon, with plan  
 Insidious—Grecia's sever'd states o'erran,  
 Athens whose naval bulwarks oft had stood,  
 A sacred barrier 'gainst the invading flood,  
 The Persian chief at Salamis defied,  
 And whelm'd his myriads in the ensanguin'd tide,  
 Now idly spent the hours replete with fate  
 In wordy war and frivolous debate,  
 Till the loud din of Cheronæa's day,  
 The visions of delusion chaced away,  
 Roused every cheated fool and cheating knave,  
 And each vile Demagogue awoke a slave.

## CATTLE INSURANCE.

SIR,

As I be a stranger to you, I think it but right and fitting to inform you who and what I am, as I don't want to be thought better nor worse of than I deserve. You must know then that I be a Hampshire farmer; my farm be



about three hundred acres, good land, well cropped and stocked; and my live stock, thank God, be all healthy and in good condition. I can't say but I have been pretty lucky with them, for I never had the disorder among my cattle but once, and never lost but two cows, and that was in calving time; and as for my teams, as I gives the poor beasts plenty of feed, and don't overwork them, and takes care that nobody shall misuse them, they does very well; there's old Jolly and Captain have been in our family these two and twenty years, and does their work now as free as the youngest of them, and somehow they seems as natural to me as if they was of my own kin. Now, Sir, you must know that I and several of my neighbours have been put into a panic lately by finding that cattle be so much more likely to die now-a-days than they used to be; that your wise folk in London think it right for us to pay them money to keep them alive; for that is what they mean by *insurance* I suppose; our Squire says *assurance* would be the properest name for their proposal, but I am no judge of these matters, so I leave you to settle that point when you have heard what has been doing here.

A little while ago I received a circulating letter, I thinks they calls it, which was titled atop "*proposals for establishing a company for insuring the LIVES OF CATTLE*;" and it was signed by sixteen *squires*, several of whom they tells me, be *Butchers*: so I suppose they be some of your London *squires*, which, as I hears, be clean another sort of thing to our country *squires*. I could not tell what to make of it not I, and I found my neighbours as much at a nonplus as myself; so we agreed to have a meeting at the BULL to take the letter into consideration. Now Sir, Sam Spigot the landlord be as cute a chap as any in our parish, and as he takes in two London weekly journals he knows all that be going on there: moreover he has

got a brother as keeps a public house in Cripplegate, who comes down here once or twice a year to see his relations and buy bacon : and then Sam is sure to get an account of what is stirring. So after we had smoked a pipe or two we entered upon the business, and we shewed Sam the letter. He read it all through without saying a word till he came to the list of names at the end ; but he had no sooner read the name of W. R. H. BROWN, Golden Lane Brewery, which stands at the head of the list, than he laid down the letter, and taking half a dozen strong whiffs, as he always does when he has got any thing to say, he went on, as soon as he had washed his throat with a draught of ale, somewhat after this fashion :

“ I see how it all is. It is a fine project to be sure ; well, what he will think on next I don't know, unless he insures Cobbett's loyalty or Burdett's patriotism. I'll tell you somewhat about this Squire William Robert Henry Brown, of the Golden Lane Brewery, and Chairman of the Hope Insurance Company ; for you see he is at the head of this business ; 'tis all his brewing ; and a fine schemer he is to be sure ; and then all his plans are for the good of the public ; he never thinks about himself. You know Tom, my brother Tom—well, he let me into Squire Brown's first great plan ; the first plan that brought him into notice ; I mean the Golden Lane Brewery. I'll tell you what Tom said about it. About five years ago, it should seem, the great London brewers had colloqued together to raise their porter from 2d. to 6d. a pot ; and at the same time they brewed worse beer than when they sold at the old price ; 'twas all made of treacle, and *squassy*, and *cockles*, *injure-guts*,\* and one devilish mess or another, so that

\* We imagine that our correspondent means *quassia*, and *corculus Indicus*, a strong narcotic poisonous berry, said to be used in the composition of porter. SATIRIST.

there was no more malt and hops in it than just enough to swear by. This was a bad business to be sure for the poor, and, what was worse, they could not help themselves; they might have left off drinking it, you will say, but then a man who has been working hard all day wants something better than water. But they found a friend when they little thought on't. Out of pure kindness and love to the poor, 'Squire Brown undertakes to settle the brewer's business, and to serve the public with genuine beer, made of malt and hops only, at the old price of 5d. a pot. This was good news to the porter-drinkers, you may suppose; but then they thought it too good to be true; for they know'd it would take a power of money only to fit up a brewery of any size, and as for Squire Brown, whether he had capital enough to set up brewing in a butter-firkin they could'nt tell, for nobody knowed any thing about him. But somehow or other some people will do more without money than others can with. Squire Brown did nothing more than draw up a short plan, which he carried round to the public-houses. The brewery was to be set a going by subscription, at shares of 50l. each; 'twas made as plain as the sun at noonday that every body that subscribed would make their fortune. Tom put down his name among the rest for ten shares, and began now to look forward to be made Lord Mayor, or a city member at least, as what could he expect less? Well, the subscription was soon filled, many thousands of pounds were raised, and the concern went swimmingly on; and would you believe it? Squire Brown wouldn't let one of the subscribers take the least trouble or concern in the business, but kindly managed it all himself, and told them they might go to sleep, for he would take care of their money. In short, he managed so well, that the brewery got to be the first in London, and Squire Brown began to be thought of some consequence.



but somehow or other brother Tom isn't a bit nearer being made Lord Mayor; and last year he and all the rest of the publicans were frightened into selling all their shares in the brewery, as I have read in a book Squire Brown has wrote about it; who bought the shares I have not heard, but the Squire still manages the concern. Finding he had done so much good he drew up another scheme for the benefit of the public, which he called the *HOPE Insurance Company*, though one would not think that such a company could be wanted, because there are so many of the sort already: but if any advantage was to be gained by such a thing Squire Brown was the man to find it out; all for the good of the public you will mind, and that he might be sure to make the most of it, you see, he got himself made chairman. But he does not think he has done enough yet it seems: some men never are to be satisfied: and now out of pure goodness, you find, he wants to take upon himself the risk of all our cattle. Isn't he an extraordinary genius now? His plan you see is not likely to be one of your South Sea bubbles. So let us look into it."

By the time Sam had finished his account, we began to have a pretty right notion of squire Brown's goodness, and what sort of a thing his plan must be; but we were minded to examine into it scrupulously; so we desired Sam to read it out to us piece by piece, and we would consider on't as we went along.

First and foremost then, Sir, the letter sets out with saying that the nature of the plan cannot *with prudence* be made public at present: now we thought it comical that we should be called upon to subscribe to a plan which might be good or might be bad: farmer Jenkins said 'twas buying a pig in a poke. Then it says "the risks of insurance are the deaths of horses, mares, *mules*, bulls, oxen, cows and sheep." Now, Sir, as we have not heard

that Squire Brown be a Jew, we cannot think why he should leave *pigs* out of his plan; for if we subscribed to his plan at all for the rest of our stock, we here in Hampshire should be glad to save our bacon. Then as to *mules*, we have not many of them in these parts, and to have them at all we should have thought that Squire Brown would have found it needful to *insure* the lives of *asses*; but our Squire told us that he would want all the *asses* he could find for *Subscribers*.

The next thing proposed is, that the capital shall not be less than ONE MILLION, to be divided into 50l. shares, part of which are to be kept up for country gentlemen, farmers, and others. This be deadly kind, no doubt; but farmer Jenkins said the worst litter of pigs he ever bought in his life was one which the man he bought them of said he had saved up on purpose for him. Then as to the capital being a million, which has a grand sound with it to be sure, how is that made out? Why for every one of these 50l. shares, only 5l. is to be paid, which according to our reckoning, (and we got the exciseman to prove the account) makes only one tenth part of a million, that is a *hundred thousand pounds*: so that if there be any advantage in having a million for a capital, there is only the name on't here, and not the thing itself. Then the whole concern is to be managed entirely by twenty directors and a president; but the subscribers are only to name five out of this number; for these sixteen squires, that have signed the letter, have kindly taken upon themselves to be the other fifteen, and the president too, so of course they will manage just as they sees fit, because they will be three to one, without the president, against the directors appointed by subscribers: now this be taking a good deal on themselves, considering, that as they be but sixteen, and according to their own proposals can't have more than *forty*

shares apiece, why altogether they will hold only six hundred and forty shares; whereas there be twenty thousand shares in the whole, so that they won't have a thirtieth part of the concern of right belonging to them, and yet they will be civil enough to manage it all. Well, I must say they deserve all they be likely to get by it: and according to their own account they have taken a power of pains about it. The plan, they tells us, have been "*hitherto unknown* in this kingdom, but is formed upon a basis derived from *experience* and subsequent calculations." We could not make out exactly what this meant; our squire said 'twas a *bull*, which was natural enough for them to make, who wanted to turn the public into a *milch-cow*. But the letter goes on to say that "when the plan becomes to be thoroughly understood it will be found to *promise* great benefit to the agricultural interest:" now, Sir, if after all, the plan be only found to *promise*, I can't say I think much on't; I have always found that they as promises most performs least: and all our company was of the same mind as to this point.

I have not much more to say to you, Sir, for after a few more civil words to the farmers and graziers, telling them they shall be preferred to all others in having the refusal of shares, we comes to the end of the letter; where we are *assured* by these sixteen Squires that the plan be "possessed of peculiar merits and *promises* to be of great advantage to a *proprietary*, though it can't without prejudice to the company" (that is these sixteen Squires) "be at present made known, but that the *object in view* and all its bearings and consequences have been frequently discussed by them at various meetings." Now, Sir, nobody can doubt that they are not well satisfied with their project, and that they promise themselves a good deal from it; but before we subscribe our money we should like to be satisfied too. Our squire told us you



was the properest person to apply to upon the business, as these sort of schemes are just in your line. So I have made bold to write to you, and remain

Your servant to command,

HUMPHREY HOGG,

*Ash-Hill Farm, West Ham,*

*May 7th, 1809.*

P. S. I had in-a-most forgot to mention that, within these two or three days, I and my neighbours have received another circulating letter exactly like Squire Brown's in all parts, except that it proposes to insure the lives of *lap-dogs, cats, monkeys, squirrels and parrots*; maiden ladies are to have the preference in the purchase of shares, and it is signed by sixteen spinsters, and at the head of them is Wilhelmina Roberta Henrietta Brown, spinster. As this must be in fun, and meant as a sort of take-in, we were dubious whether tother be'nt a take-in too.

*To Mr. Satirist, Esquire &c. &c.*

As we are free to confess our entire ignorance of the merits of the plan described in Mr. Hogg's letter, we can do no more than insert his communication, in the hope that some of our correspondents may be able to give him satisfaction. SATIRIST.

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## COBBETT'S DEATH-BLOW.

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IN the XVIIth Number of the Satirist we brought forward certain extracts from the records of the War-office, in support of our assertions that Cobbett was a DESER-

TER of the most infamous description. These extracts were made from a statement of his guilt, drawn up by the Secretary at war, and submitted to the Attorney and Solicitor-General for their opinion as to the proper mode of punishing his unparalleled villainy. Some persons still pretending to doubt the authenticity of those extracts, a gentleman of the highest respectability has been induced to obtain copies of all the official documents relative to this extraordinary case, and to present them to the public under the appropriate title of

“ PROCEEDINGS of a GENERAL COURT MARTIAL, held at the Horse Guards on the 24th and 27th of March 1792, for the trial of Capt. RICHARD POWELL, LIEUTENANT CHRISTOPHER SETON, and Lieutenant JOHN HALL, of the 54th regiment, on several charges preferred against them respectively, by WILLIAM COBBETT, late Sergeant Major of the said regiment ; together with SEVERAL LETTERS which passed between the said WILLIAM COBBETT and SIR CHARLES GOULD, Judge-Advocate, and various other letters, and DOCUMENTS connected therewith, in order of their dates.”\*

Never did the Newgate Calendar record a case of more horrible and premeditated villany than that disclosed in this most interesting publication. Even we, accustomed as we have been to contemplate the delinquencies of the atrocious miscreant, William Cobbett, felt our blood curdle in our veins as we read these additional and incontrovertible proofs of his diabolical disposition.

The first forty-eight pages are occupied with the official correspondence between Sir Charles Gould, the d-

\* Published by Samuel Tipper, 37, Leadenhall Street.

ficers falsely accused of the most heinous offences, and Cobbett, relative to the time and place of holding the court-martial, and other matters connected therewith; some of these are extremely interesting, and clearly indicate the malicious motives of the prosecutor. Captain Powell having applied for the particulars of the charges preferred against him and his brother officers, and stated some very strong reasons why he wished the court-martial to be held at Portsmouth, where the regiment was quartered, Cobbett addressed the following letter to Sir Charles Gould:

“ SIR,

“ I have received your letter of the 2d instant, and had I been in town when it arrived, I should have answered it immediately.

“ I have considered of what Captain Powell says concerning being furnished with a specification of particulars; but, Sir, unless his Majesty shall annul his warrant and require me to frame my charges anew, I am persuaded Captain Powell *will find it a very difficult matter to get any such specification from me*. I am sorry, Sir, I am obliged to differ from you in opinion upon this point; I suppose it is because I am better acquainted with the characters of the accused than you are. You *think* they wish to be previously furnished with further particulars, that they may be enabled to make their *innocence appear*. Whereas the fact is exactly the contrary: it is for the purpose of being enabled *to hide their guilt*.

“ I am glad to observe, Sir, that you do not seem to coincide with them in opinion concerning the *place* for assembling the court. Inconvenience and expence in bringing up the witnesses is certainly a most ingenious objection! Indeed it may bring a little inconvenience and expence upon the *publicans* on whom the witnesses are quartered in their march, but I cannot see how it can bring either upon any body else. I know ex-



tremely well what Captain Powell wishes the court to be held in Portsmouth for ; and his eagerness for it is a sufficient argument against it, if there were no other. It has quite confirmed me in the opinion that I can expect no justice at Portsmouth or Hilsea barracks, and that I ought not to go to either on any consideration, unless his Majesty, after having my request fully and fairly submitted to him shall positively require it.

“ I must beg leave, Sir, once more to request that you will be pleased to lay my representation of this matter before the King, and that as soon as possible.

I am with the greatest respect, &c.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

London, 4th March, 1792.

Having succeeded in his endeavours to get the court-martial held in London, he addressed another letter to the Judge-Advocate, which concludes thus :

“ The names of the witnesses from the regiment, Sir, I shall send you as soon as I know the day of trial : and my reason for not doing it now, is, that I should perhaps thereby expose the poor fellows to the most unmerciful of treatment, a thing that nothing could prevail on me to do. The strenuousness with which I have every reason to believe the commanding officer of the regiment espouses the cause of the accused officer will, I hope, Sir, justify this caution.\*

I take this opportunity, Sir, of informing you, that I shall think it my duty to point out to you, as persons not proper to sit on this Court Martial, *any officers belonging to regiments that have served lately in British North America, those of the 57th regiment in particular.* I can give very particular and substantial reasons for this, but I trust you will render

\*N. B. The officer then commanding the regiment was Cobbett's friend and *master*, the traitor, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.  
SATIRIST.

that unnecessary, as it would undoubtedly be very unpleasant.

“ Give me leave, Sir, to trouble you a moment in reply to the latter part of your letter. Sir, I had not the least reason to suppose that a person of your exalted rank could be swayed by a natural partiality towards men who stand accused of such heinous crimes ; but having good reason to believe that every method had been taken to represent my accusation as malicious and groundless ; and fearing that your mind had received the ill-impression, I felt myself a good deal hurt, and thought it incumbent on me to act as became an *honest* man in the cause of justice.

“ *If my accusation is without foundation, the authors of cruelty have not yet devised* THE TORTURES I OUGHT TO ENDURE. HELL ITSELF, AS PAINTED BY THE MOST FIERY BIGOT, WOULD BE TOO MILD A PUNISHMENT FOR ME !

“ I come forward, Sir, in this business with the best grace that can possibly accompany a man's actions : if I were not always a steady asserter of the soldier's rights, if I were not always an opposer of the depredations on the soldier and the public, and if my practice did not always agree with my profession, if any man can prove that I ever cheated him of a farthing, or ever winked at such practices in any one else, I will say that I am villain, and that the officers I accuse are good and virtuous men.

“ I am,

“ With the greatest respect, &c.

“ WILLIAM COBBETT.”

London, 11th March, 1792.

At page 40, is a letter from Cobbett to Sir Charles Gould, containing the names of fifty-two witnesses, whom he declared were *necessary* to ESTABLISH the heinous charges which he had adduced against his officers, all of

whom, as it subsequently appears, were summoned, and, with three or four exceptions, actually attended the court-martial.

At page 49 commences the report of the proceedings of the court-martial, which consisted of 17 field officers, whose names are mentioned, Major General Crosbie being president. It appears that the court having assembled at the Horse Guards on Saturday the 24th of March, found, upon enquiring whether the prosecutor and defendants were ready, that COBBETT was not in attendance, and that after waiting more than an hour, a messenger was dispatched to his lodgings, who brought word that he *was not to be found*, and that the answer obtained at the house where he had lodged was, that he had removed from those lodgings on the preceding *Wednesday*,\* since which he had not been heard of.

Upon receiving this unexpected intelligence, the Judge-Advocate General requested the court-martial to adjourn till the following Tuesday, to afford opportunity for enquiring into the cause of Cobbett's absence, and the several witnesses who had been summoned were directed to attend on that day.

The court having met pursuant to adjournment, the Judge-Advocate stated to them *upon his oath*,

"That he had caused diligent but ineffectual inquiry to be made after William Cobbett, who was pledged to make good the charges preferred against Captain Richard Powell, and Lieutenants Christopher Seton and John Hall respectively, not only at his former lodging, being the first place where he had

\* In his letter, dated two days previous to this, he tells Sir Charles Gould that he is obliged to go into the country for two or three days, but that he will return on Friday, and will be perfectly prepared to prosecute his charges on Saturday.



desired that any official letters might be left for him, but also at such other places, where there seemed to be a chance of obtaining intelligence, and that he had likewise caused a written notice of the trial being deferred *till this day*, to be left at his said former lodging, to be delivered to him in case of his calling there, and a duplicate of the same notice to be left at an house in Houndsditch, where information was obtained from the postman of that walk (or district) that post-letters were to be delivered for him, although he did not reside there.

"The Judge-Advocate General also stated that upon intelligence being given at William Cobbett's former lodging, from which, as before mentioned, he had removed on Wednesday evening last, that Captain Lane of the 54th regiment had sometimes visited the said William Cobbett, a note had been addressed to the said Captain Lane at his house in Sloane-Square, Chelsea, requesting the favour of information from him or from his servant (if either could furnish it) where the said William Cobbett was removed to, or was likely to be found or heard of; to which enquiry Captain Lane had returned answer, importing that neither he nor his servant could point out where Mr. William Cobbett was to be found, at the same time expressing surprise that he had not attended at the Court Martial that day, when the trial was expected to come on.

"The Judge-Advocate General also informed the court, that Elizabeth Wools, at whose house William Cobbett had lodged, had been prevailed upon to give her attendance, and is now in waiting in case the Court may wish to make any further enquiries from her personally, respecting the said William Cobbett.

"She was thereupon called in, and, in answer to several questions proposed to her by the Court, gave an account (upon oath) that she is the wife of John Wools, an Hoop-Maker, and resides at No. 3, Felix-Street, southward of Westminster-Bridge; that William Cobbett had lodged at their house near twelve weeks; had he remained there two days longer, he would have completed that period; that he had removed from

his said lodging on Wednesday evening last, when he told her that he was going to his father, who was very ill, but that he should see her again in two or three days, not meaning again to lodge there, but merely to call upon her; that since that time she had neither seen nor heard of him, nor does she at all know where he is; that the postman had been desired to take charge of his post letters, and have them conveyed for him to some house in Houndsditch."

The whole of these witnesses' evidence is given at full length in the work before us, and we must particularly request our readers to attend to *dates*, which they will find very material in elucidating the mysterious and infamous conduct of Cobbett. The court, perceiving that there was no probability of the prosecutor's appearing, proceeded with the trial of the accused officers, and the witnesses who had been summoned, at Cobbett's requisition, being present, the several charges against the defendants were read to them, and they were told that Captain Powell and Lieutenants Seton and Hall were then upon their trial; but nobody could utter a syllable against those officers. After the most minute investigation the following sentence was pronounced:

"The COURT MARTIAL having regard to the circumstances of this extraordinary case, and especially to the *entire dereliction of the prosecution* by the person who *alone* preferred, and *solemnly* pledged himself to prove the several charges against the said Captain Richard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton, and Lieutenant John Hall, is of opinion, that the said several charges against those officers respectively are, and every part thereof is, TOTALLY UNFOUNDED; and the court does therefore most honourably acquit the said Captain Ri-

chard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton, and Lieutenant John Hall, of the same.

“(Signed) CHARLES CROSBIE, Major-General.”

The following letter from Sir Charles Gould to Major-General Crosbie will shew pretty plainly his opinion of COBBETT's atrocious conduct.

Horse-Guards, 2d April, 1792.

“DEAR SIR,

“ Having had the honour of laying before the King the proceedings of a General Court Martial, held here on Tuesday the 27th of last month, for the trials of Captain Powell and Lieutenants Seton and Hall, of the 54th regiment, I can now acquaint you that his Majesty has been pleased to approve of the honourable acquittal of those officers, and that the Court Martial is in consequence dissolved.

“ I did not fail to submit the idea and wishes of the Court-Martial respecting the circulating of the sentence in public orders, which did not appear to his Majesty to be necessary ; but I have reason to think something more effectual towards vindicating the character of the officers will be attempted , if upon consulting the crown officers it shall appear practicable in this case, namely, a prosecution of Cobbett, who, as far as in him lay, made a mockery of public justice, and has availed himself of a judicial process for the conveyance of the most gross slander.

“ I hold myself much obliged by your procuring, through your brother, Cobbett's letter to Margas, which I wished to be forthcoming,

“ And am, with very sincere regard,

“ Sir, &c.

“ CHARLES GOULD.”

“ *Major-General Crosbie.*”

This letter is succeeded by several others on the same subject from the Judge-Advocate to various officers, in all



of which Cobbett's villany is strongly alluded to; then follows Sir Charles Gould's memorandum on the subject, and the pamphlet concludes with a copy of the case presented by the secretary at war for the opinion of the attorney and solicitor general, requesting them to point out how Cobbett's villainous conduct might be punished.

This most interesting pamphlet has only been published a few days, but such is the rapidity of its sale that in all probability before these remarks appear in print there will be scarcely an individual in the kingdom whose breast has not been inflamed with indignation against the execrable author of the *Political Register*.

It appears that he left his lodgings in Felix-Street on the 21st of March, 1792, two days after he had given in the names of the witnesses whom he pretended were necessary to substantiate his scandalous charges, and only ten days after he had declared in his letter to the Judge-Advocate, that "*if his accusation was without foundation, the author of cruelty had not devised the TORTURES which he ought to endure. And that hell itself, as painted by the most fiery bigot, would be too mild a punishment for him.*" Now at the very moment when the miscreant was writing this just but terrible denunciation against his own meditated villany (viz. on March 11th, 1792) he had arranged his plan of DESERTING both his pledge and his country: for in his account of his own life, published in America in 1796, and republished by him in England in 1801, we find these words: "The fact is, I WENT TO FRANCE in MARCH, 1792." *Porcupine's Works. Vol. iv. page 48—* and again, *page 49, I arrived in France in MARCH 1792.*" Only mark how exactly the *dates* correspond. The miscreant, however, says not a word in his LIFE, on the damning subject of this court-martial business. No, no, he

doubtless hoped that it was buried in everlasting oblivion. Thank God, WE have been instrumental in bringing his villany to light, and we now appeal *even to Lord Folkestone*, who almost every Sunday repairs to Botley to be impregnated by him with weekly venom, whether a man, who from motives of revenge and malice has been guilty of such odious transactions, who has since accused, and by *his own confession*, FALSELY accused, a fellow creature (Mr. Swanwick, of Philadelphia,) of a crime at which humanity and nature revolt,\* ought not to be shunned as a pestilence by all who are not, like him, lost to every feeling of honour and honesty?

If his lordship after this continues to associate with William Cobbett, we shall have a worse opinion of the integrity of his heart than we have of the soundness of his brain.

For our own parts, we could not contemplate the features, and listen to the harangues of such a man without feeling as it were choaked with indignation and disgust; indeed, this would not be our only sensation, for had we the misfortune to be under his hated roof, we should dread poison and contamination in all we swallowed, and all we touched.

If Lord F. is fond of a certain description of society, he may find in Newgate many, very many, who, although they may be inferior to Cobbett in impudence and falsehood, are far his superiors in honesty and honour.

Oh that every Englishman who contributes his weekly *shilling*† to the support of this monster, could peruse the

\* Vide SATIRIST. No. 17.

† The *Political Register* has been recently raised to one shilling; last week it cost its infatuated readers *two shillings*, and was, nevertheless, with the exception of five or six octavo pages actually filled with parliamentary debates, &c, which had before appeared in all the daily papers.

pamphlet we have just noticed, and also an admirable little book, since published by Sir Richard Phillips's printer, at No. 7, Crown-court, Fleet-street, entitled, "*Cobbett's Elements of Reform*," (which last we shall review in our present number,) for we are convinced that all those who read these admirable works, must in future turn with disgust from the apostate pages of the **POLITICAL REGISTER**.

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### THE LOITERER.

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No. XV.

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It has been already suggested,\* that it is out of respect for the natural rights and privileges of the subject, that the English law grants free licence to SEDUCTION; and, when the advantages derived to the community from this invaluable privilege are justly appreciated, it will appear not a little surprising, that a practice should have been suffered to be introduced and to prevail, which tends to counteract and circumscribe the liberality of the legislature.

The law declares positively that seduction is neither a public nor private wrong; but the ingenuity of lawyers is equally active in devising modes of invading the province of legislation as in finding out ways of escaping from its power. In general, however, they are careful to observe in their proceedings some appearance, at least, of justice, some shew of reason, and to avoid or conceal as

\* See LOITERER, No. XIV. p. 440.



much as possible all palpable absurdities. If a man seeks to recover a compensation from his friend for having debauched his wife, he does not bring an action of *trover*, because to maintain such an action he must first prove that he lent his wife to his friend; nor is it customary, where a man is charged with bigamy, to proceed against him by way of information grounded on the game laws, because to support such an information evidence must be gone into as to the man's licence or qualifications to sport, which would be foreign to the charge. But a proceeding not less extraordinary takes place in cases of seduction, where a compensation is demanded at the hands of justice for the supposed injury. The party actually concerned can demand nothing; because the law has declared that if there be any fault, the fault is mutual, and the seducer might as well demand payment for the time and trouble he had taken in effecting his purpose, and bring his action of *quantum meruit*, as the seduced expect to be paid for what, at the time it was given, was given freely. Indeed, the very idea of money in such a case is disgusting: a mind that has the least sense of honour or delicacy turns from it with indignation. The people might well be stigmatized as a nation of mercenary and sordid traders, as the revolutionary French affected to call the English, where chastity is considered as a mere article of traffic, and where, if it happens to be given up without a regular bill of sale and transfer, and any dispute should afterwards arise between the parties, twelve sworn appraisers are called in to estimate the value of the article, and the amount of damage sustained by the owner. Now, though it must be confessed that the English law allows something of this sort in cases of CRIM. CON. which may be called a sort of compound seduction, it does not, as has been already stated, consider any such compensation necessary where

only simple seduction has been practised. And the reasons for this distinction are obvious : among others it may be suggested, that the seduced virgin only gives up her own honour, but the seduced wife together with her own resigns the honour of her husband, and if he is content to come into court and receive in payment for it as much money as twelve honest men shall in conscience think it worth, it would be the height of injustice to shut the doors against him : besides a wife is the absolute property of the husband, and it must be apparent how injurious it would be to his interest, if she were allowed to give away herself, when it is probable that, in the common course of the trade, as it is now carried on, he might either have let or sold her to better advantage.

According to law, therefore, the systematic seducer is free to practise his calling, without fear either for his person or his purse. But lawyers are the burs of society, and if a man wears a coat worth sticking to, they are sure to find a place on which to fasten. Where a seducer has money, they have discovered, as has been hinted above, a most extraordinary way of getting their hands into his pocket. They put the case thus. A daughter, as long as she continues unmarried and resides in her father's house is by the law considered as his servant ; now as by the very nature of service, the servant is bound to apply the whole of her time and talents to the use of the master, and cannot without defrauding him appropriate any portion, however small, to the service of another, the father suffers a loss and injury, when his daughter, instead of being employed in his service, is occupied by the seducer. Now as it is a principle in law that there exists no injury without a remedy, and as it is evident that the father can have no remedy against the daughter, because as their interests are one this would be seeking a remedy against himself, it follows that he has a right to demand a com-

pensation in money of the seducer for so long and so often as she was withdrawn from the service of her father, and so occupied by the seducer for his own profit and pleasure. It cannot be denied that the deduction is fairly made, and as the law, with a laudable view, no doubt, to the encouragement of industry, estimates the loss of a few moment's labour at a higher rate than the loss of female honour, any parent, who wants to be paid for the seduction of his daughter has only to reduce her to the rank of his scullion, and he will be sure to get something. On such occasions indeed, juries have sometimes been very liberal in their remuneration for such loss of service ; but this is scarcely to be wondered at in a country where so much is yearly paid on account of public service to persons who do no service at all : but, as in case of seduction, the loss of service is made the only ground of claim for damages, what could a jury in conscience give to a man of the first rank and fashion, whose daughter had been seduced, since it is more than probable they would be led to think, from the present manners of fashionable society, the utility of such a person equal to her continence.

How such a device, which militates against the liberty of the subject and the authority of the legislature, first obtained a footing in the courts of law, is absolutely unaccountable ; since it can be considered in no other way than as a libel on the wisdom and justice of our senators, on account of the encouragement they give to seducers, by neglecting to afford protection to female purity and innocence. The practised seducer, however, aware of this masked battery will easily shun it : he will exercise his arts on the unprotected orphan, who has no father, no mother, no friend to claim her duty or her service ; here he will enjoy his triumph over innocence and confiding affection in perfect security, and fear no after reckoning, for by the law of England so pure, so perfect, so impartial, while the wretch



who in the extremity of hunger, steals barely enough to satisfy the cravings of nature, is condemned to a cruel and ignominious death, the friendless orphan, who has no treasure but her virtue may be despoiled of that, and seek redress in vain: and the favour which is shewn by society to the spoiler, and the contempt with which his victim is treated, shew that the spirit of the law is well adapted to the morals and temper of the people.

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PUFF EXTRAORDINARY.

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MR. SATIRIST,

I HAVE read with great pleasure and profit your various papers relating to the art of puffing; but though you have undoubtedly brought forward some very strong instances and some very elegant specimens in this way, I trust you will have the candour to acknowledge that the article, which I shall presently have the honour to submit to your notice, if it does not exceed, at least is not inferior to any in purity of design or elegance of execution. It was first pointed out to me, last Saturday night by my friend Mr. Gaby Guzzle; a very worthy man, but apt to be nervous, and very easily alarmed on slight occasions. The boy had lathered him, Sir, and while he was waiting his turn to be shaved, he took up the *Morning Advertiser*, Saturday, May 20, where he found it.—He could not conceal his joy. You must know, Sir, that about five years ago he had a very violent cold, so that he entirely lost his taste, and about the same time he took to drinking the Golden-lane beer; and as his head is very weak and can't bear any sort of strong liquor, it agreed very well with him. He used to take his four or five pots of a night, with great comfort to himself, and without any fear of a head ache: but lately, Sir, it seems that somebody had been filling him up with fancies that the Golden-lane beer was not freer from drugs

than the rest of the London porter, and you can't think how unhappy and nervous it made him. I declare when I shaved him on Saturday the 19th, I found his beard at least a shade and a half greyer than it was on the preceding Saturday. You may imagine then, Sir, what pleasure it gave him to read the following statement :

GOLDEN-LANE BREWERY.

“*Excise versus BROWN and PARRY, 19th of May, 1809.*

Messrs. Brown and Parry think it right to inform the public, that in consequence of an information having been made to the Excise, that some *deleterious ingredients* were to be found upon a particular part of their premises, the officers, Messrs. Lintell, Troutbeck, and Norman, yesterday made a survey, and upon breaking open the door where the supposed ingredients were said to be deposited, they found *two pipes of old wine*, the property of Messrs. Brown and Parry. The officers conducted themselves with great civility and propriety, and went away perfectly satisfied that there was no ground for the information.

“ Messrs. Brown and Parry have thought it right thus to state the facts, lest any report might be circulated to the prejudice of the concern : they understand for nearly a month the avenues to their premises have been watched ; they have no objection to the same vigilance being continued ; and they assure the Excise and the public that nothing shall ever induce them to depart from what they *have all along professed and have acted upon, that the BEER manufactured by them shall be the sole production of MALT and HOPS.*”

Now, Sir, you will perceive that this comes from the first authority, and it is therefore perfectly satisfactory. Only to think how these poor men, Messrs. Brown and Parry, have been persecuted ! what a martyrdom they do suffer all for the love of the public. I have heard of tarring, and feathering, and shaving with an iron hoop, but it is nothing to what they bear. To be suspected, and watched at every avenue for nearly a month, to have the door of their private cellar broken open, and after all to be found faultless ; if this isn't coming out pure from the fire, I don't know what purity people would have.

I don't see though how the officers can be said to have been so very civil, since they *broke* the door open ; one

should think they might as well have asked for the key: and then only to think after all, that these suspected *deleterious ingredients* should turn out to be *two pipes of old wine*, the property of Messrs. Brown and Parry. What lucky gentlemen they are, to have two pipes of *old wine* in these days! If they had not said 'twas *old*, now some people might have thought that *deleterious ingredients* would not have been a bad name for the contents of these two pipes. But the officers to know what it was that was in these pipes no doubt tasted it, and after a few glasses *went away perfectly satisfied*, and if they had not they would have been very unreasonable fellows. Nothing could have been better contrived to put them in good humour. And so that the concern may not be injured by false reports, Messrs. Brown and Parry think it right to inform the public, not that they shall *brew*, but that they shall *manufacture* their beer just in the same way as they have always hitherto done. As you are a merry fellow, I have no doubt you love a glass of *old wine*, and as you now know where that is to be had, I think you can't stand a better chance of getting it than by giving a place in your work to Messrs. Brown and Parry's statement. Wishing you therefore a hearty welcome at the *Golden-lane beer-manufactory*, I remain,

Your's in the suds, LARRY LATHER.

May 22, 1809. No. 6. Strap Alley; where gentlemen are shaved with ease and expedition for one penny.

#### ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

LADY Charlotte Wellesley is reported to have made quite "a *new man*" of Lord Paget; her Ladyship is a rigid methodist, and we understand that she and his Lordship have had frequent *love feasts* together in Hanover-Street. Lord P. was never very remarkable for his *faith* till Lady Charlotte converted him, and induced him to narrow the sphere of his *good works*.



## EXTEMPORE, BY JACK KETCH,

Upon hearing that Mr. Simpkin had propped up his floors for the safety of the great body of *Reformers* who were to dine at the *Crown and Anchor*, May 1st, 1809.

Simpkin! thou publican and sinner,  
 Why, at these mad Reformers' dinner,  
 Thy floors and ceilings prop?  
 Rather for such a Newgate-crew  
 Cut all the baulks and joists in two  
 And tip 'em—the new drop!

---

Among the *highly respectable* speechifiers on the day appointed for the celebration of Sir F. Burdett's election, our friend pilloried Peter particularly distinguished himself. When he rose we imagined he was about to dwell on the importance of a *Reform* in the law of *Libels*, or in the shape and make of *Pillories*, instead of which he *honoured* Samuel Whitbread, Esquire, ("Qui tanto dignus honore") by proposing his health, which was drank with three times three by all the *jack-ass drivers*, *chimney-sweeps*, and *night-men* assembled on that memorable occasion.

Mr. Whitbread has not yet addressed a *sixpenny* letter of thanks to *Peter the Wild Boy*.

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## A QUERY, TO THE REFORMERS AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

YE noisy followers of Burdett,  
 Of Whitbread's friends a chosen set,  
 Tools of a desperate faction,  
 Why at the *Crown and Anchor* dine?  
 A tavern with so good a sign  
 Ill suits your scene of action:

Save that, to keep such rogues in awe,  
 The Crown may teach you that *Crown law*  
 Is the best sauce for treason,  
 The Anchor too may by its *cable*  
 Hint what each traitor at the table  
 Should wear about his *weason*!

Mrs. P—'s celebrated *myrtle* garden, which was so much exposed last season to the severity of the weather, is this year much disfigured by *weeds*, which have prevented the usual display of its luxuriant beauties. When the *weeds* are removed, it is probable that the *tout ensemble* may be improved by the addition of some *young suckers*.

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*Starling Martin* and WILL\* *Martin*.

WHEN th' American faction was daily encreasing  
One Martin bored North with a clamour unceasing,  
And the minister, vex'd by his pöther and parle-ing,  
Nam'd the chattering monitor, *Martin the Starling*.

A new "brother Martin," St. Stephen's can boast,  
A much greater bore than the Martin we've lost,  
More annoying his jargon, as louder his jaw,  
Instead of a *tarling* we've got a *Macaw*.

SCRUB.

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ALL THE TALENTS' LEGATION.

"Auribus obtusis in *Federa* missus *Assellus*."

V&T. Auct.

Massa *Ass-kin* me no wonder  
Make a little bit of blunder,  
*Ass-kin* daddy great law pleader  
Little massa he no reader,  
Yankee Smith, a cunning tief,  
Make him speak beyond his brief,  
He no copy Massa Canning,  
He no napper made for planning,  
Brain like dad's, a little crack,  
Good King Georgee call him back,  
He no points from poll to gaskin,  
Bid his daddy whip his *Ass-kin*.

JUMBO, from Anamaboo, a Federalist.

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*Notorious Fashionable Characters in our next.*

\* Vide *Martinus Scriblerus* on Testamentary Devises.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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FIAT JUSTITIA !

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*Literary Miscellanies.* By James Mason, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1008. Longman and Hurst, &c.

THE first volume of these *Miscellanies* contains two fragments of novels. The *School of England*, a vision, a Defence of the *Cædipus Tyrannus* against the objections of Voltaire, the nineteenth *Iliad* of Homer, *collected* and translated, Imitations of some Odes of Horace, and specimens of a translation of Virgil. The second volume is occupied by two comedies and two tragedies, with preliminary observations on our principal dramatic authors.

It appears to be the principal design of the author, in these productions, to distinguish himself by originality, and consequently singularity of opinion, but he has been far, very far indeed, from carrying this design into execution, with any happy effect.

In his first fragment of a novel, Mr. Mason has introduced many observations on general polity, and he cites Sidney, Harrington, Mitford; and the historians of Rome, to prove the advantages of an hereditary aristocracy, and the distinctions due to illustrious birth, a truth so strongly impressed on every rational mind that has ever applied itself to the study of history, that there seems no ground for enforcing it in the nineteenth century by (not new



but) old authorities. In the same work we find also some observations on the French revolution, which might have been interesting twelve years ago, but have now lost all that interest, since the phantom of a republic has vanished, and left in its place the reality of the most dreadful despotism that ever disgraced the annals of mankind.

The School of England is a trite repetition of remarks on the English writers, which have been made a hundred times before. Milton is as usual compared with Homer and Virgil, though the addition of Tasso to the poetical triumvirate is, we confess, a little original. Pope is allowed to be a poet, "and to have given a splendid and correct exhibition of the powers of English rhyme in his Iliad," and Cowper is "allowed to have given no faint or feeble copy of Homer." We shall see afterwards how consistent Mr. Mason is with regard to this opinion of Cowper's translation. To do Mr. Mason further justice, we must allow that the very qualified praise he bestows on Shakespeare is quite original. As is also the comparison between him and his great contemporary Bacon. When the author mentions the great disadvantages of fortune and health which oppressed Milton at the time he began and finished his *Paradise Lost*, he says, it "would almost warrant the supposition that the holy spirit he invoked had really inspired his labours." This assertion, when we consider how much Milton studied the sacred scriptures, and that in their original languages, falls nearly under that figure of speech which modern rhetoricians have denominated a truism.

Mr. Mason's defence of Sophocles against the flippant and superficial criticisms of Voltaire, merits our approbation; but such an antagonist was hardly worth breaking a lance with, who was as incapable of understanding the language as he was of feeling the sentiments of the poet he presumed to censure.

When will the Sciolists of the present day be convinced that after the splendid paraphrase of Pope, a translation of Homer is not a desideratum in English literature. How often must we repeat that those who cannot read the original will never have patience to read any other copy, that those who can will want no copy, and that those who are trying to learn the original will find more assistance, and almost as much poetry, in the Latin verbatim translation as in any English translations we have ever met with. Two attempts at a new version of Homer have fallen under our eye during the short period of our labours, of which we have freely spoken our opinion ; of this specimen justice compels us to say, that it exceeds them both as much in arrogance of pretence as in imbecility of execution. How could any man venture to call Pope *weak* and Cowper '*intolerably cold, coarse and unimpressive,*' and yet himself write such lines as these, and fancy he was writing verse :

" Uprose illuming mortal and immortal beings."

---

" Wounded also, for in the dreadful fight."

---

" For Hector and his Troy 'tis well, but long I think."

Mr. Mason has also chosen to amend the heroic blank verse of Milton, by using and defending the use of the redundant syllable which has hitherto been the peculiar distinction of dramatic from heroic verse. His words are :

" The close agreement of the Latin or Greek line with the English will not be found without the frequent use of the *spondee* or rather *trochee* at the end of the latter. I have not scrupled to adopt this resource, because it has always seemed to me to improve the harmony of our blank verse."

As an hexameter verse cannot consist of less than thirteen syllables, and may consist of seventeen, an additional syllable to a verse of ten syllables must be an advantage to those who wish to translate an ancient poet "line for line," but we must think a person to whose ear it seems to improve the harmony of the verse, is in the predicament of one of our old writers, who said he preferred those who wrote in verse to all others, except those who wrote in prose; and in the name of nonsense what have spondees and trochees to do with English verse, whose cadence is solely accentual, and to the structure of which any particular arrangement of long and short syllables is not in the least essential? On casting our eyes below the passage we have just cited, we find that to the author "Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer is one of the most attractive books he ever read." Perhaps so, for,

Qui Baviū non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi.

To us it has always appeared a farrago of absurd and dogmatical assertion, and illiberal criticism.

To Mr. Mason's printing his Greek quotations without accents we can have no objection; many do it now from choice, and many more from necessity, arising from the not knowing how to place them; but why a Greek verse is to be deprived of the incipient capital, or the mark of aspiration omitted, we can assign no reason but an affectation of silly singularity.

In the preface to the imitations of Horace, there are some observations on the present taste of poetical composition so strikingly just, that we shall lay an extract from them before our readers, we wish our limits would permit us to quote the whole:

"Ghosts and apparitions, affected and unnatural sentiments which never existed but in the morbid heart of the author, and



perhaps not even there, indecencies without passion, familiarity without friendship, and jollity without mirth, characterize the productions which have fairly beaten from the field the taste of [*for*] Pindar, Horace, and Milton.——While nature is displaced by monsters, the affections are perverted, the sentiments are sickly, and the indecencies only disguised to be recommended.”

In praise of the imitations themselves, we have not much to say; we will give the four first lines of the first ode as a specimen.

“ *Petty* in whom concenter’d shine,  
The virtues of a noble line;  
My proudest boast my honor’d friend,  
Till life with all its pride shall end.”

There is, certainly, the merit of consistency here, the *skipping* lord represents the celebrated minister of Augustus, as completely as the prosaic lines do the spirited verses of the Roman poet.

The translations from Virgil are prefaced with the same censure of former translators as those of Homer, and the same common-place preference of blank verse. Take the two first lines as a sample of the whole:

“ Arms and the man I sing from Troy who came,  
*Fate’s eldest fugitive* to Italy.”

Is there any resemblance between such lines and the exquisite versification of Virgil? and how *elegant* and *correct* a version is *fate’s eldest fugitive* for *qui primus ab oris*, &c.!

Of the dramatic works, the tragedies are superior to the comedies. Many of the incidents are interesting and pathetic, and the language in general vigorous and correct. Whoever will compare the spirited and harmonious versification of these tragedies with the miserable measured

prose of the versions of Homer and Virgil, must see at once that, whatever merit blank verse may have in original composition, it is completely inadequate to classic translation, an observation, however, that is almost superfluous after the example of the Task and the Homer of Cowper.

*Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the Years 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808.* By Robert Ker Porter. In 2 Vols. 5l. 5s. Phillips, 1809.

If any of our readers have ever taken a tour of observation as far as the Islington turnpike, and have gazed with the eyes of a connoisseur, on certain specimens of painting intended to represent the combat of St. George and the Dragon, they, and they only, will be able to form some idea of the prowess of the mighty hero who has now entered the lists of learning. The monster criticism was prowling for his wonted prey; already had he swallowed in idea the mangled carcase of the renowned knight, who after succouring the distress of foreign damsels, and receiving the obeisance of mighty potentates, was returning to lay the spoils of his unparalleled exploits upon the desks of his countrymen. Already had the monster glutted his imagination with the richness of so uncommon a repast, and whetted his tusks to a tenfold sharpness—when lo! the destined object of his fury displayed before his eyes the ensigns of the order of St. Joachim! His brows encircled by a wreath of brass, holding in his right hand a feathered spear, of which the sharpened point had been dipt in a black and deadly poison, and attended by his trusty friend the far-famed Sir Richard of Blackfriars; the adventurous knight proceeded boldly to the combat; the minions of satire fled howling at his approach, and criticism, confounded by the splendor of his insignia, and transfixed by

the agitated point of his dextral weapon, fell lifeless at his feet.

Accepted lover of the great and adorable princess Arabowski! Renowned knight of the illustrious order of St. Joachim! In what language of humble admiration shall we presume to address thee! Great prince of panoramic splendor! Connoisseur of kisses, \* pictures, and *ragouts*! in what terms of congratulation shall we welcome thy return to thy native shore, and express our wonder and amazement at the varied beauties of thy splendid and expensive quarto.

Far different, most renowned chevalier! are thy unexampled merits from those of the other degenerate knights errants of the present day. It is with grief that we know, and unwillingness that we inform thee, that to become a great and successful traveller is too frequently the fortune of ignorant and avaricious adventurers. Wouldst thou believe it! It is now only necessary that a man who intends to visit the courts of Europe should shew a few pictures for a shilling, and that the money he has thus acquired should introduce him to an acquaintance with some needy foreigner; who after dining with him two or three times a week for a year or two gives him in return for his civility an introduction to some nobleman's butler at St. Petersburg. Delighted with his prize, and panting for fame in foreign lands, the painter of panoramas bids adieu to his native shore, and finds himself (wonderful to relate!) in the course of a week or two, amidst the snows of Russia! The butler to whom he is introduced, tells his master that a strange man, amazingly rich, a great painter, and very curious, wishes to have a peep at his gallery of pictures. He is admitted, falls in love with the

\* Vide Letter 20.



portrait of the Princess Rustyfusty, who is probably under the protection of some "poor great man," sends to her an offer of his hand and fortune, is introduced to her protector and his relations, procures through his interest, and by the payment of a handsome sum, the ensigns of a knightly order, suspects that he has been bamboozled, returns in a fright to England, without having seen the English ambassador, and writes an account of the noble gentlemen and chaste ladies with whom he had the honor to associate!

Such, O paragon of knightly travellers! is too frequently the character, and such are the adventures of men who pretend to an accredited reception at foreign courts, and who amuse their countrymen on their return by details of their own self-importance, and the history of their foreign friends. That we may enable our readers to guard against deceptions such as these, to distinguish the man of taste or genius from the vainglorious coxcomb, or the prattling ignoramus, and above all, to discover by what qualities of the mind, and what accomplishments of address thou wert recommended to the favour of Alexander, and rendered worthy of the "official investiture of the equestrian order of St Joachim, rendering thee a knight commander;" (149); permit us, most magnanimous Sir! to inform them what are the most striking characteristics of the true and accepted heroes of Russian chivalry.

In the first place, it appears that a knight commander of the order of St. Joachim, must have a very vivid and pregnant imagination. Speaking of Elsinour he says,

I had already followed Hamlet every where, I had measured the deep shadows of the platform, encountered the grey ghost of the Royal Dane, had killed Polonius in the queen's closet and drowned poor Ophelia in the Willow stream." (6)

We recommend the varied beauties of this extract to every admirer of the sublime and beautiful.

In the second place, a knight commander of the equestrian order of St. Joachim must have a soul alive to every generous emotion, he must be melted into tears at circumstances which the rest of mankind would have beheld with contempt and indifference; and must pant with genuine jacobinical ardour for the equality of rank, and the rights of man.

“The architect of this great design was formerly a slave to Count Strogonoff, but that nobleman out of respect for his talents gave him his liberty. Indeed no generous mind could have done otherwise; it would have been sacrilege to the image of God in man, the richly endowed soul, the creative power of genius, to have trammelled *it* with the degrading reflections of bondage.” (21.)

From this extract we likewise learn that the knights commanders of the equestrian order of St. Joachim suppose a *richly endowed soul, the image of God in man, and the creative power of genius* to mean the same thing, and *reflections and fetters* to be synonymous.

Thirdly, a knight of the equestrian order of St. Joachim must be superior to vulgar prejudices.

“I was brought to acknowledge that in certain cases delicacy, or even common decency was no good.” (93.)

This sentence he has perhaps very fully exemplified in the publication of his work.

Fourthly, a knight of the equestrian order of St. Joachim must be grateful, humble, and affectionate. Of this we have many and affecting proofs in the volumes now before us. Innumerable are the tributes of grateful remembrance to those who treated our knight with the slightest

testimonies of respect and civility. He is in truth no niggard of his praises. The epithets learned, polite, sweet, bewitching, witty, beautiful, enchanting, captivating, lovely, dear, dignified, &c. &c. sparkle through his pages with a lustre, too glittering to be looked upon with pleasure by any but those to whom these epithets are applied. Of the *sweet* and unsophisticated ardour of his friendship, the following effusion of chivalrous simplicity is a most *captivating* specimen.

“ Their gentle countenances, affable manners, and affectionate hearts are sweet remembrancers of home, and draw my thoughts so entirely thitherwards that I can add no more but, that I am dearest friend, yours most faithfully.” i. 120.

Again,

#### LETTER L.

“ After an *exactly* three years absence, *I again* RE-visit my native country. I am just landed. In twenty-four hours before you and the dear circle have read *through* these tidings, please God, all I love in England will be in the arms of your friend.

“ Harwich, August, 1808.”

This is both concise and pathetic. How delicate the expressions, and how uncommon the sentiment of a man of genius! Had this letter proceeded from a common man its various beauties might have remained unobserved or disregarded, but any thing which proceeds from a knight of the order of St. Joachim must be worthy of the most minute examination. Observe the position of the epithet *exactly*; *exactly* three years! How strange, how entertaining, how important! By the delicate insertion of the word *again*; *again* RE-visited! he plainly implied that he had RE-visited England before, and that this was



his second trip to the continent. Some people would have said before you *receive* these tidings, &c.&c. but Robert Ker Porter, knight, says emphatically before you have read *through* them.—A delicate piece of irony, no doubt, on the shortness of his billet, as if it could take twenty-four hours to read through it. Witty gentleman!

The last great requisite which we have space to enumerate as one of the qualifications of the knights commanders of the equestrian order of St. Joachim, is an amorous constitution. Every pretty girl that he sees must excite desire, and every desire that he feels must be participated with his correspondents. That our present hero is not deficient in propensities of this kind, the proofs are innumerable. For the sake of brevity we shall only refer our readers to the whole of the twentieth letter, which contains a dissertation on the various modes of *kissing*. The *smacking* of the lower orders is in this letter delicately compared to *sucking cyder through a vent-peg*! We are then told that

“A picture of our Saviour which had been *previously* buried three days *before* is raised with great solemnity, and then, as if directed by a stroke of electricity, the congregation all kiss each other without discrimination and with much riot.”

We are next presented with a catalogue of the different kinds of kisses.

“The second (he exclaims) is in my mind the sweetest, and it is the rarest, but it has many a counterfeit, for its soft touch unites in one moment lips, heart, and soul! (*a strange reason for its having many a counterfeit.*) It is of divine origin, angels embalm the mouth it presses, and it is called, need I name it? the KISS OF LOVE.”

Such are the virtues and accomplishments of a knight

commander of the order of St. Joachim. What are the precise advantages derived from an investiture with its ensigns, we do not exactly understand. It may be conjectured, however, that they possess many peculiar privileges unknown to the less adventurous votaries of literature. It may even be collected from various parts of these volumes that they are not subjected to the vulgar restraints of grammar and common sense, and that whatever may be the other objects over which a knight commander exercises his jurisdiction, he is not expected to display any command of language. Of these circumstances our readers must have been convinced by the preceding extracts, and it will therefore easily be believed that *English quay* is made synonymous to *august land*, that he talks of something "striking the eye as forcibly, though in an opposite direction as *his was*," (19.) of "groups adding to the *picturesque* of the scene," (21;) and of "the narrow foot-paths of *dull matter o'fact*;" and that the story of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus, is quoted with all the solemnity that an antiquarian could display in introducing to the world some rare and valuable relique of antiquity!

After so interesting a display of the merits and the privileges of that order to which Robert Ker Porter, knight, is so happy in proclaiming his alliance, we surely cannot be suspected of any insensibility to those qualities which rendered him worthy of so splendid a distinction. We may therefore venture to remind him that in this degenerated country much that is novel is ridiculous, and that whatever may be the brilliance of the qualities he has displayed, or the value of the honours he has gained, there are not wanting in England many ignorant and prejudiced persons who will ridicule his titles, and laugh at his accomplishments. One of our colleagues has con-

fessed, that, on a first perusal of his volumes, he himself experienced the fallacy of the author's assertion that "the ridiculous can never be enjoyed alone;" for that many of his descriptions, observations, and reflections, were, on a first perusal, so irresistibly ludicrous, as to excite a sensation almost as violent and exquisite as any that he had experienced at the most successful exertions of Liston in Lord Grizzle. We exhort him, therefore, when he "again re-visits" England for the third time, to yield in some measure to the violence of English prejudice: to say something less about himself, and something more about the countries that he visits. It is hard indeed that a knight of the equestrian order of St. Joachim should be obliged to restrain his thoughts, or to regulate his language; that he should not talk of kisses as often as he receives them, or mention himself as often as he thinks of his own importance; but the man who exposes to sale five guineas worth of literary merchandize, should not be fastidious; some respect is due to those purchasers who enable him to defray the expences of his travels, and the ultimate profit of his speculation will only be proportioned to the value of the manufacture. If a work be really valuable it will find its way to the public estimation unassisted by the artifices of puffing; but if it be vulgar, full of egotism, affected in its style, and puerile, absurd, and incorrect in its observations and its sentiments, not the advertisements of Sir Richard Phillips, nor all the personal solicitations of its author, will secure it from the inevitable sentence of neglect and oblivion.



*Elements of Reform, or an Account of the Motives and Intentions of the Advocates for Parliamentary Reformation.* By WILLIAM COBBETT, Proprietor of the Political Register. Published May 19, 1809, by T. Gillet, No. 7, Crown-Court, and to be had of all Booksellers. Price 2s.

EXCELLENT!!! If William Cobbett sleeps for one month after the perusal of this admirable pamphlet, every word of which (with the exception of the dedication and the four concluding pages) is *his own writing*, Nature must have given him a conscience as void of shame and feeling as his heart is destitute of honor and virtue.

Its contents are so important, the principles it inculcates so just, that "an abridgment of it should be printed in all shapes, it should have a place in all *almanacks*, all the printed *memorandum-books*, in *court-kalendars*, *books of roads*; and we see no harm in its having a place in the *books of common-prayer*. It should be framed and glazed and hung up in inns, town-halls, courts of justice, market-places, and, in short, the eye of every human creature should be if possible constantly fixed upon it."\* Oh, how we should have delighted to witness the effects which its contents produced on the lank visages of the *long-nosed triumvirate*! †

How will Lord Folkestone feel, having read this pamphlet and the *Proceedings on Captain Powell's court-martial*, when next he sits down to devour disloyalty and mutiny, with the *DESERTER*, of *Botley*? Will not the ghost of his dear tutor's departed loyalty haunt his imagi-

\* See Pol. Reg. May 20th.

† Sir F. Burdett, Lord Folkestone, and Mr. Wardle, all remarkable for *long bows* and *long noses*.

nation? Will not images of his *beloved Mentor's* unparalleled atrocities flit before his eyes, and chill his soul with horror, as he gazes upon the large flat face at the bottom of the table? and will he not dread poison in every chalice which he raises to his lips?

Yes—and we defy him and his brother *would-be* consuls, accustomed as they are to associate with the infamous of *both sexes*, to have in future either confidence in, or respect for, the now detected and universally abhorred miscreant, William Cobbett. If they still court his society it must be because they consider iniquitous instruments absolutely necessary to effect iniquitous ends, and the poor wretch himself will feel convinced, that, while they condescend to employ him, they, like all the rest of mankind must loathe him, as an APOSTATE, a FALSE WITNESS, A DESERTER, and a V—!!!

We would willingly select some of the most striking passages from this interesting little work, but every sentence contains matter of such vast importance that we are at a loss which to prefer, and as we are convinced that every reader of *The Satirist* will eagerly expend the small sum of *two shillings* to purchase such a rare production, we shall content ourselves with extracting the following admirable picture of the advocates for Reform, as drawn by WILLIAM COBBETT.

“ I shall stop here to make an observation which ought to be very well attended to by the whole of the British nation, and that is, that all the revolutionists while they are endeavouring to excite the people of Great Britain and Ireland to revolt against the Government, *profess* great fidelity to their country and *loyalty* to their King. They *pretend* to have nothing in view but “ *the good, the honour, the permanent glory* of the Empire. They propose to *amend* not *destroy*; to make the

people truly happy, and his Gracious Majesty truly great. Their stalking horse is Reform, but their real object is the OVERTHROW OF THE MONARCHY."

How correctly has the miscreant here *prospectively* delineated the portraits of himself and his abettors!!!

From his Political Register of last week we can easily perceive the vile subterfuges and the impudent falsehoods which he will have recourse to as the means of defending himself from the destructive effects of the pamphlet before us, (which, though its contents were written by him, has been published without his knowledge, *PRO BONO PUBLICO*,) but they shall avail him nought. Speaking of the attacks of his adversaries, he says, "The greatest compliment that can possibly be paid to any writer is to answer his argument by an attack upon his person, and the next is, that of appealing to his opinions formerly expressed. This last species of attack has been made most liberal use of against me. Just as if opinions formed and expressed when I was not much more than *HALF AS OLD* as I now am, when I had, in fact, *NO EXPERIENCE* at all, were to invalidate or have any weight against the arguments that I now have to offer." Political Register, May 20th, p. 778.

How insufferably disgusting is the effrontery of this man! Is not this the precise mode of warfare which he himself once waged against demagogues and whigs? Have we not read his *Political Proteus*, wherein three whole volumes are filled with comparing Mr. Sheridan's present and former opinions, to prove him a knave and an apostate? Have we not seen this species of attack carried on by him, in the former pages of this very *Political Register*, against Mr. Heriot, proprietor of the Sun newspaper? and has he not, after opposing the seditious sentiments of a



democrat, almost as rotten-hearted as himself, to his former expressions of loyalty, exclaimed " Now, atrocious infamous miscreant ' look on *this* picture and on *this*, ' I would call on you to blush, but the rust of villainy has eaten your cheek to the bone and dried up the source of suffusion !" (Porcupine's Works, vol. iv. p. 331.)

And shall he, now his own apostasy is *thus* proved—his own brazen-front *thus* compelled to blush—his own flinty heart *thus* made to throb with agony, rage and shame, defend himself and appease the just indignation of his countrymen by telling them that " The greatest compliment that can possibly be paid to any writer is that of appealing to his opinions *formerly expressed* ?" No, No, Cobbett, these impudent subterfuges shall avail you nothing !—What! when thou promulgated'st the sentiments and opinions produced as evidence against thee in the pamphlet before us, thou wert not " *much more than half as old* as you now are"—Wern't thou?—*Innocent, inexperienced* babe thou must have been !—*Wonderful boy of thine age* thou must *now* be—for it appeareth that the strongest and, to thee, most damning of thy former sentiments which are adduced as evidence against thee, were not written SEVEN YEARS ago—therefore thou cans't now be no more than *fourteen*, whereas thou hast told us in thine own LIFE, published by thyself, that thou wert born on the 9th of March, 1766, and that thou wert married in 1792. Verily this is a paradox which we can only satisfactorily explain by concluding, that " thou most impudently LIEST !" Thou also sayest that thou had'st in fact NO EXPERIENCE at all—whereas thou toldest us in December, 1800, that thou had'st returned to England to teach thy countrymen the fruits of thine EXPERIENCE, that thou had'st once been the friend of reform, but that after eight years EXPERIENCE thou wert convinced of thy error and thy folly, and that thou felt'st

"an irresistible desire to communicate to thy countrymen the fruit of thine *experience*, and to shew them the dangerous consequences of *discontent*, *disloyalty*, and INNOVATION!!" Porcupine's Newspaper, December 30th, 1800.

We cannot conclude this article without noticing another instance of this miscreant's audacity, which appears in his Political Register of May 20th, page 777.

Alluding to the mode of attack which has been adopted against him, he says,

"Really when Mr. Canning looks back to the time when I dined at his house at Putney, and when he paid me so many JUST compliments for my exertions in my country's cause, I can hardly think, that he must not view with some degree of shame these attempts on the part of persons who are publicly said to write under his particular patronage."

This is excellent! Because, when Mr. Canning *supposed* him to be an honest man, and knew he was writing in defence of loyalty and the established government, he admitted him to his table and complimented him on his then meritorious exertions, he expects that virtuous and able statesman (who now knows him to be a knave, and to have assumed "the stalking-horse of *reform* to overthrow the monarchy,") to be angry with those who expose his present apostacy, and his past villainies.

Mr. Aslett, before he robbed the Bank, was the intimate associate of the most respectable persons in the kingdom, but would they be ashamed of any of their friends who reprobated his conduct now he has been found guilty of a capital offence? *Surely not.*

Cobbett says "he once dined at Mr. Windham's with Mr. Pitt," we doubt the assertion—but we *know* that Mr. Pitt, after he discovered that he was an odious character, *refused* to dine with him at Mr. Windham's, and we also

know that this was the cause of all his subsequent malignity against that immortal statesman, and of his *reverting* to those democratic principles which, he told us, *experience* had taught him to abandon! Whether the *long-nosed triumvirate* will continue to dine in his company, now they *know* him to be an apostate, a FALSE WITNESS, a DESERTER, and a man who endeavoured to vanquish a *literary* antagonist (Mr. Swanwick) by falsely accusing him\* of a crime at which nature revolts, we cannot pretend to say. Recent circumstances, however, have induced us to believe that their notions of propriety and honour differ very materially from Mr. Pitt's and Mr. Canning's.

*Costume of the Ancients.* By Thomas Hope. London, Miller. 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d. 8vo. 1l. 1s. *plates.* 1809.

THE subject of this work is extremely interesting, and no one has had a better opportunity of obtaining information on his subject than the author. His opinions deserve to be received with attention, for they are the result of deep and laborious research; they are the growth of many years devoted, almost exclusively, to this one particular object.

Mr. HOPE commences his work with observing, that every one must regret that the art of historical painting has hitherto so little flourished in this country: and attributes the little ardour evinced among us in the pursuit,

‘to the slender prospect which the artist has, of being adequately rewarded for so laborious and so difficult a production

\* Cobbett acknowledged to a gentleman, now in London, that the accusation was false, and only adduced as the most effective means of “putting down” Mr. S. who had attacked his political opinions in a public newspaper.



of the human intellect and hand," p. 1. "Landscapes, and low-lived groups," he adds, "will every where meet a ready sale;" p. 2. "While the finest historical picture, held at a price equal to its real value, would precisely be the work of art likely to hang longest unsold on the walls of the British gallery." p. 3.

Public and national encouragement, Mr. HOPE contends, are necessary to make this higher species of the art of painting flourish, and this, he says, it has not yet experienced in this country :

'neither has the nation yet ordained any historical painting, to commemorate the most glorious achievements; nor has it yet established any *condign* premiums to call forth, to raise and foster the genius requisite worthily to represent any such." p. 3.

Now without stopping to enquire into the nature of these *condign* premiums which Mr. HOPE would have established we feel it our duty to suggest, with all deference to his authority, that when we consider the continual and increasing demand for pictures of all sorts, the eagerness with which they are bought, and the enormous prices which are given for them, we cannot conceive that the art of painting is not sufficiently encouraged, or that the genius of painters requires any additional stimulus of profit or of honour. It is the fashion now to buy pictures; and avarice cannot place them so high that vanity will not reach them. Painting, indeed, already revels in plenty, while poetry, certainly not less worthy of public encouragement, is starved. Yet if painting were equally unpatronized, and stood at present in need of as much national encouragement as Mr. HOPE would have us believe, we could not, much as we admire the arts, in conscience consent, that from the mil-

lions which this country yearly gives with a free and glorious spirit to maintain her liberties and independence, one shilling should be squandered on a school of painting, though every painter educated therein should prove a Michael Angelo. If peace should ever return again, when the nation has had time to recruit her exhausted powers, there will be time enough to talk of these things.

We concur more readily in the author's opinion, that the progress of the historical painter has been hitherto much impeded in this country by the difficulty of acquiring "the various and recondite topics of information, indispensable to produce a good historical composition." (p. 4.) He observes, and with great truth, we wish we could add with simplicity, that "a thorough intimacy with those more superficial and transient modifications of art, devised to envelope, to shelter, and to protect the human frame, which differ most widely from each other in different eras and regions," (p. 4.) is absolutely necessary to the painter of history; who must also know "how to sprinkle his desert landscape with the habitations appropriate to the subject and to the times which he aims at representing; how to give to the armour and to the implements he scatters about, the peculiar physiognomy belonging to the peculiar era of the personages, and to the peculiar locality of the scene which he wishes to exhibit." (p. 4.) But the records of these things "are buried from the vulgar eye in rare and recondite recesses." (p. 6.)

Such records, it seems however, the French artists have long enjoyed a superior facility of consulting. An academy of painting for French students was established at Rome in the reign of Louis XIV. at the public expence; and has lately been improved and extended by the Emperor Napoleon. Mr. HOPE bewails, in pathetic

terms, the want of any such provision in England, in consequence of which artists must visit Italy at their own expence; or content themselves "with consulting such representations as the graver may offer them in their own closet of the distant originals, which they can never hope to behold." p. 7.

But the English artist has not, it seems, even this advantage;\* for Mr. HOPK immediately adds,

"I correct myself. Our English artists cannot, in general, be said to possess even the advantage of consulting those more widely spreading though fainter shadows, which the more perfect and substantial forms, themselves concealed from their view, may cast on paper." (Does this mean engravings or does it mean any thing?) "In Paris there are public libraries, in which the student enjoys free access to such works in art, as are too voluminous or too expensive to line his own shelves. But such there are not in London, and the few hundred pounds that would be required to form a collection of books, calculated for the purpose of instructing artists only, would be one of the small expenditures which, methinks, would repay the nation the greatest interest." p. 7.

Our author has certainly exerted himself to prove that they "order these matters better in France;" but we must

\* We have understood, however, that there is a library at the Royal Academy very sufficiently supplied with works of the description here required; and we have also understood that the student of promise in historical painting is not obliged to visit Italy at his own expence; we have understood that a gold medal is offered by the academy as a premium for the best historical picture, and that the student who obtains it, is allowed a very handsome sum, (much larger than is allowed by our universities to those who are appointed to what are called Travelling Fellowships) for the express purpose of visiting Italy, and of maintaining him there as long as is thought necessary for the purpose of completing his studies. It is possible that our information may be incorrect, but we do not think it probable.



again protest against the expenditure of a single shilling of the public money in the present hour of peril and necessity, on any such account as that proposed ; more particularly as Mr. Hope himself confesses that,

“The *advantages* derivable from these works, even where they are most accessible to artists, *is* neither so complete as *it* should be ; nor so easily reaped as *it* might be ; nor so entirely free from drawbacks as *it* ought to be.” R. S.

These drawbacks, indeed, as stated by Mr. Hope, are so many and so great, that according to his account, these works if purchased by the nation on his recommendation, would, after all, be of no use to the artist. He proceeds, therefore, to state the view with which the present work was undertaken, and the qualifications necessary for such an undertaking.

“ I have therefore often wished that some person who had made antiquarian investigation his hobby ; who had visited the chief countries in which are found collections of antiquities, in sculpture, painting, fictile vases, coins, and gems ; who had compared the original monuments of different musea with each other, and with the representations existing of them in print ; and finally, who had preserved memoranda and drawings of whatever interesting remains in different places had never yet been published, might be tempted to produce some compendium which, weeded on the one hand of the representations of all such monuments as are either confessedly spurious, or doubtful, or insignificant ; and enriched, on the other, with transcripts of all such specimens as though genuine and interesting, have not yet found their way in other descriptions, should offer as it were the purest spirit of many different larger works, condensed in one single restricted volume, nay after the most interesting details of many different antique originals, concentrated in one

single small figure, in such a way as to become capable of being again most easily and readily transfused in and applied to the most extended and diversified modern compositions ; and by so doing should form to the large and expensive works above described, not only an useful substitute with those individuals who cannot command them, but even an interesting supplement with those who can and do possess them.

“ This task never having been undertaken by those more able to accomplish it, I have at last, inadequate as were my abilities, attempted in some measure to perform myself.” p. 9.

Through all this cloud of words, darkened as it is by bad English, the author's intention may still be discerned ; and though he affects modesty, he appears to have little reason for diffidence. He does not, however, pretend to any thing more than to supply models for imitation to the artist ; it is not his object to advance erudition, but only to promote taste. It would scarcely be fair after this declaration to scrutinize his statements with the severe eye of an antiquarian, and yet there is no reason to think that in general they would not stand the test of the most accurate inquiry.

The volume is chiefly composed of plates, of which there are two hundred, many of them containing several figures. It appears that these figures are not in all cases the representation of a single original, but that frequently “ a great diversity of models have supplied each in a very small proportion, the different component parts of a single representation ;” p. 11. To do this, and yet preserve a unity of design and character, no doubt required considerable ingenuity ; and whatever praise is on that account due, belongs exclusively to Mr. HOPE, by whom almost all the drawings, and all that were not copied from single originals, were made. The plates consist of engrav-

ings in outline ; and we perfectly agree with Mr. HOPE in his opinion of this species of engraving, that to avoid deformity, " no part can be executed mechanically, or by inferior hands ; that every stroke here requires an artist skilled in drawing, and uniting with the most correct eye the most free and masterly touch ;" (P. 54) nor will we insinuate that since so many of the plates are executed by himself, this is praising himself by implication, because we are persuaded that it proceeded from a wish to do justice to the abilities of Mr. Moses, whose taste and genius are entitled to no common praise, as his productions contained in the work before us, sufficiently evince : but we are really at a loss to conceive how, with such an opinion on the subject, Mr. HOPE could consent to deform his work by admitting four or five miserable plates all of which appear to be the work of the same engraver ; we allude to those which are subscribed R. ROFFE: The DIANA SUCCINCTA, pl. 154, would disgrace the *Lady's Magazine* : the left thigh appears to be wasted by disease, and the right arm and hand are so crushed and dislocated, that not even the skill of ABERNETHY, with the whole College of Surgeons to help him, could set them right again.

As a general introduction to these designs, Mr. HOPE has prefixed a succinct account of the varieties of costume most interesting to the artist ; beginning with the inhabitants of Asia Minor, among whom he reckons the Medes, Assyrians, Persians, and Parthians, Amazons, Phrygians, Lycians, and Syrians ; he then proceeds to the Greeks, and ends with the Romans. He treats of their dress, their arms, their chariots, their galleys, their religious processions, their religious and domestic utensils, their dances, their musical instruments, their masks, their architecture, their household furniture ; but as this is only with a view to illustrate the plates, he passes over



each subject as slightly as is consistent with perspicuity. With a view probably to preserve the elegance of his page, which might have been deformed by notes, he refers to no author, ancient or modern, in support of his statements: they rest therefore solely on his own authority: but in all material points, as far as we have compared them with the writings of the authors most learned, and of the highest repute on this subject, we have found them to agree. And, notwithstanding his foppishness of style, bad grammar, and worse punctuation, we can truly say that not only the theatrical performer, the ornamental architect, and every other artist, to whom the knowledge of classic costume is necessary, will find this work a sufficiently ample repertory of specimens, selected from the most genuine and perfect models, but that the general reader, to whom the knowledge of classic costume may be agreeable, will here find all the information he can want presented in a more interesting and familiar shape than he can find elsewhere.

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#### THEATRES.

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*"Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti."*—HORACE.

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A PAINTER, who should set out on a tour through a level desert of sand, with the view of taking sketches from nature, if he supplied nothing from his own imagination, would compose but sterile landscapes: a stranger in an ice-island, floating under the South pole, would scarcely collect anecdotes enough to entitle him to the dignity of knighthood much less to fill a quarto volume. Not but that a great deal has been done of late to shew how much may be made of nothing, and that the

maxim of "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," is not applicable to all cases. But this building without foundation is not exactly suited to our talent ; we would rather have some ground to go upon, lest for want of support our superstructure should tumble.

Those who have read our late reports of the Drama, may perhaps think us grown negligent in this department : but the fault is not ours. The bubbles that now appear on the stage, burst before we can examine them. If we would strike, we beat the empty air : if we would support them, they melt within our grasp. It is but fair, however, to admit that recent circumstances may have, in a great measure, tended to produce this sterility. A man who should visit a country lately laid waste with fire and sword, and should behold the wretched remnant of its inhabitants huddled together in miserable hovels formed out of the ruins of their former magnificence, would not judge fairly of their manners or their taste if he should take what he saw for the basis of his judgment. In the ashes of our two great Theatres genius appears at present to be smothered ; may she rise with them from the flames more refined, more resplendent, more sublime !

At the OPERA HOUSE we have observed nothing worth comment, an *old* woman, who can neither sing nor act, being the only novelty ; and at the HAYMARKET and LYCEUM, the benefit season having come on has still further thinned the scanty crop of sickly subjects which remained for criticism.

Something indeed called TEMPER, intended for a farce, and fathered by the town on that father of monsters, MONK LEWIS, has been produced at the LYCEUM. The public has already passed sentence on it : to enter into its merits here, would be as idle as to try a man for petty larceny already condemned for murder. We hope the author will not be quite *outrageous*, although he has irrecoverably lost his *Temper*.

Though on a benefit night, as we have already hinted, the critic generally descends from his judgment seat, we could not abstain from noticing, even if more legitimate objects of cri-

ticism demanded our immediate attention, a singular *extravaganza* of LISTON. LISTON, who seems to have been dedicated by Nature to Humour, whose face alone is a perpetual stimulus to laughter, whose slightest motion it is impossible to contemplate with gravity, the very tone of whose voice excites humorous-sensations, announced to the town that, on the night of his Benefit, he should appear in a tragic character; at least a character in which the first tragedians of the age have been studious to excel. He undertook to perform the part of the mad OCTAVIAN in the MOUNTAINEERS: the part in which KEMBLE, and YOUNG and ELLISTON have so often raved and whined, and strutted, and started, and fluttered their ragged robes.

The mere idea of LISTON upon stilts made our sides ache with laughter; and on a most sultry night, we crowded at an early hour, fearful of not gaining a place at the rich treat he had promised us. We were half inclined to think that he meant to burlesque the character; but in a poetical address, which he spoke before the commencement of the performance, he disclaimed any such intention, avowed himself to be in good, right earnest, and intreated leave to be seriously mad for that one night. Now though this address was neatly penned, and spoken with good emphasis and discretion, yet LISTON *serious* was really so laughable, that every countenance displayed a broad grin, and a general titter was evidently suppressed with difficulty: but when, in the course of the address, he solemnly said,

“ I fain would make you weep,”—

the flood could no longer be restrained, a loud and general burst of laughter interrupted his progress, and this had been with such certainty anticipated that the following words had almost the appearance of being *extempore*;

“ Nay—now you laugh,  
Whilst I’m as serious as an epitaph.”



We do not remember ever to have heard an address better spoken, and nothing could exceed the applause he received at the close, except it were the continued roar of laughter which greeted him on his entrance from the cave in the rags and tatters of the mad OCTAVIAN. The audience tried in vain to be serious, and we expected that in some most passionate part of the character, some wag would cry out in LISTON's own favourite phrase, 'It's all my eye Betty Martin!' Mrs. H. Johnston, who personated Floranthe, caught the risible infection, and could not maintain her gravity while she described the *beauty* of Octavian's person; and when she spoke of the *soft melody* of his voice, it seemed as if every circumstance conspired to destroy the least remnant of seriousness. But it was in the interview of Octavian and Floranthe, that this comic exhibition attained the very acme of the ludicrous. In the start when he first sees her, in his stagger to throw himself at her feet, in the fixed and vacant stare of his eye while his trance continued, in his bewildered agitation, while his wits are not yet quite recovered, in his convulsive Ha! ha! ha! which was loudly reechoed from Box, Pit, and Gallery; the audience recognized only Lord GRIZZLE, and a continued and convulsive roar of laughter confessed the presence and the power of the inimitable LISTON.

In justice, however, to this admirable actor, we must observe that his performance was not that of a common man; it evinced in many parts genius and feeling. If we saw him with a predisposition to laugh, his own excellence was the cause. It is more than probable that if we had seen him for the first time in this very character in some provincial company, we should have considered him a very respectable tragedian: and at all events should not have been more disposed to laugh than we always feel inclined to do at this extravagant character, even when it is dignified by the personation of KEMBLE: and we know not how sufficiently to admire the good humour of Mr. COLMAN, the author and manager, in permitting LISTON to play the part, and thereby giving the town so fair an excuse for indulging the propensity it must have always felt to laugh at his specimen of madness.

## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

*Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

*Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?*—POPE.

1. The Works of John Dryden ;\* now first collected ; illustrated with Notes, and a Life of the Author, by Walter Scott, Esq.

§ “Mr. Scott’s biographical memoir (as he calls it) occupies the whole of the first volume ; and, taken as a separate piece, is in our opinion a *very sensible, amusing, and well executed* sketch of the subject.”—Annual Review.

“His biographical memoir must for *every reason* be assigned to one of the *inferior classes of compositions*, and not be *delusively* held out to the public as a work which is *deserving of very general attention*.”—Monthly Review.

§ “Through a *series of uninteresting dates*, and loads of contemporary trash, Mr. Scott’s genius sometimes gleams.”—Edinburgh Review.

“The *general want of dates and references must be censured as a fault*.”—Monthly Review.

§ “It will easily be credited, that Mr. Scott’s edition contains *much which is lively in expression*, and *much which is just in criticism*.”—Edinburgh Review.

“This work *abounds with many curious and interesting anecdotes*. The *criticism* is in general *candid, manly, and judicious* ; and the *observations* on the state of English versification when Dryden began to write, and on the amelioration from him during his poetical career, *possess very great merit*, and

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\* The sectional marks §, distinguish the different classes in which the critical quotations are arranged, according to the particular points discussed in these.

form a *valuable addition* to the *literary history* of the country." —London Review.

"Of all the *ingenious* and *entertaining criticisms* with which Mr. Scott's performance *abounds*," &c.—Annual Review.

"Neither in the *observations* which are scattered through the volume, nor in the *language* in which the whole communication is made, can we distinguish *any thing* that calls for our praise; *any thing* which is splendid, or *instructive*, or *enter-taining*."—Monthly Review.

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2. Considerations on the Causes, Objects, and Consequences of the present War; by William Roscoe, Esq.

"We are not surprised that this pamphlet has obtained an *extensive sale*, because its matter is highly interesting, and that matter is on the whole *very ably* discussed."—Monthly Review.

"This is a *well-written* pamphlet, and in *every respect worthy* the name it bears. We recommend the whole work as an *able, calm, and dignified* appeal to the *good sense*, and *honour*, and prosperity, of our countrymen."—Universal Magazine.

"Mr. Roscoe's publication has for its *end* to diffuse a *spirit of peace*; and if for that cause alone, would *deserve our praise*."—Critical Review, (Appendix.)

"Mr. Roscoe exhibits an *instructive* view of the pretexts on which the war with the French Revolution has been maintained in this country. The pamphlet bears the *usual* marks of Mr. Roscoe's *genius*. He is an *elegant, pleasing* writer."—Beau Monde.

"The *object* of the author is, to hold forth the *enlightened* and *humane* policy of peace. Mr. Roscoe combats with *elegance* and *wisdom* the reasons which on several late occasions have prevailed," &c. "Another important part of the author's intention appears to have been, to recommend a *liberal, a candid, condescending, and generous* policy towards foreign nations.—The author's observations on this particular point are at once



*eloquent and convincing.* The tone of liberty, of justice, and of liberality, which the present production of Mr. Roscoe breathes, is *highly to his honour.* He is *always elegant and persuasive.*"—Annual Review.

"The reputation acquired by Mr. Roscoe as an historian and a poet, very naturally excited curiosity on his first appearance as a political writer. To this *curiosity alone* we must ascribe the *extensive circulation* of the work before us; since, were the sentiments contained in it unobjectionable, yet even as a *literary production* it is *far from supporting the name* which the author's former writings has\* obtained. We shall not pursue the author through all his arguments in this work; which appears to us to contain little else than *declamation, misrepresentation, and sophistry.*—If the writer had argued these points with some candour and *moderation*, his opinion, however *mischievous*, would not have incurred from us a very severe censure: truth compels us to say, that the case is *widely different.* In enthusiastic admiration of revolutionary principles, in *partiality* (we had almost said attachment) *to the cause of our enemy*, in *calumnious misrepresentation* of the motions and conduct of our own government, Mr. Roscoe can hardly be said to yield to the *most furious zealots of jacobinism.*—The *folly* of such reasoning is lost in the contemplation of its *pernicious tendency.*"—British Critic.

"We will tell this *weak and impudent calumniator,*" &c.—  
 "More miserable trash than this pamphlet contains, is *not to be found* in the vast collection of political tracts which have issued from the press since the commencement of the French revolution. As a *composition* it is *contemptible*; and to point out all the *fallacies and falsehoods* which it contains, would require a pamphlet much larger than his own. He is so *grossly ignorant* of his subject," &c. "For France, and *against his country*, he pleads with more zeal than a hired advocate; but his *powers* are as *contemptible* as his *object* is *scandalous.* The

\* Has, so in the original.—SAT.

tendency of this weak and wicked publication is, to *render the people dissatisfied*, to make them clamorous for peace, and to *humble Great Britain at the feet of France*. As a political writer, Mr Roscoe's talents are *beneath mediocrity*: he is *loose in his principles, vague in his notions*, strong in assertion, *impotent in argument*, and either *destitute of information* on topics of general notoriety, or else *wilfully perverting facts* to answer the purpose of the moment. His *style is very incorrect*."

—Antijacobin Review.

### 3. Sermons, by David Brichan, D.D.

"To considerable knowledge of the world and of the human mind, this author joins *great command*, and in many instances a *very happy choice, of language*. The character of his *style* is in general that of strength rather than elegance." Monthly Review.

"We shall assign this performance without hesitation to a *high class* among the sermons of our language. *Neither* the language nor the thought, is degraded to the servility and feebleness of custom. The fervour of sentiment with which he appears to be impelled, is the essential constituent of *true eloquence*. We shall quote the exhortation to the aged; the conclusion of which is remarkable for the *chaste display of the figures*, the *harmony of the language* and the *progressive energy* of the effect. The composition is generally *elegant*. The *dic-tion*, on the whole, is *pure and dignified*. With all his incidental defects, Dr. Brichan combines *rhetoric* and argument, *sergency* and *taste*," &c. "in a degree to which few modern volumes can make any pretension. If he will undertake the requisite trouble of mature and impartial revision he is likely to *surpass Dr. Blair* as much in the *eloquence* of his style, as in the *genuineness of his creed*, and the *utility of his labours*."—Eclectic Review.

"These sermons contain neither any glaring defect nor any *shining excellence*. The matter is *COMMON-PLACE*, without being enlivened by any novelty of illustration, or *energized by any force of eloquence*. The author seems to have taken

Blair for the model of his style ; but it is *wanting* in those *beauties* of sentiment and diction which have obtained for the sermons of Blair such general circulation and such deserved applause."—Critical Review.

4 Collectanea Oratoria, or the Academic Orator; consisting of a Diversity of oratorical Selections ; by J. H. Rice.

"A *very proper* book for schools."—British Critic.

"The contents of this volume are selected with a *considerable* portion of deliberation and judgment ; and the collection deserves to be received into *public academies* for which it is *well adapted*."—Monthly Mirror.

"The compiler of this work has deprived us of the pleasure of announcing it with entire satisfaction to the public, by the insertion of several improper articles. The whole of the section of dramatic oratory will be quite superfluous, and even *offensive*, to those who do not wish their *children* to become theatrical performers or critics. The section of *sacred and moral orations* is *injudiciously* confined, almost entirely, to extracts from Fawcett's sermons, in which *many* sentiments occur of *injurious tendency*."—Eclectic Review.

"Mr. Rice has undoubtedly too much taste to think that there is any true eloquence in the *egotistical verbiage* arranged under the head Deliberative. We would also *bury in oblivion* all the effusions of living orators that are afterwards proved to be totally false : the selections in this class indeed are *very indifferent*. We approve of the author's selection of *sacred and moral orations*."—Antijacobin Review.

#### TO THE CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS OF THE SATIRIST.

Our *Spilsby* friend shall hear from us in a few days.

A vast number of Communications have been thankfully received.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that we are enabled positively to contradict the statement in our last Number relative to Mrs. Billington's having paid a debt for which the informer *Hague* had been very justly arrested by Mr. Butterworth, a most respectable law stationer of Fleet-street. The mistake arose from the following circumstances : It will be recollected by all our readers, that Hague a few months ago filed informations against Mr. Woodfall, as the supposed printer of a bill wherein that common informer's iniquities were justly enumerated, and most impudently summoned his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to attend as a witness. The public papers have already stated how ably *his Royal Highness*, who condescended to attend, acquitted himself on the occasion, they also stated falsely that Mrs. Billington was present, and the sheriffs' officer who arrested Hague having seen the person at Guildhall, who was taken for that lady, and as the *same person* paid the debt, he told Mr. Butterworth that it was Mrs. Billington who released his prisoner, whereas we find upon inquiry that it was Mrs. Hague. We again repeat that it has given us the greatest satisfaction to find that Mrs. Billington has not condescended to assist such a despicable wretch as Thomas Hague. She and all the world may bid defiance to the miscreant's malice, for he is now too well known to be believed by any one.



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END OF VOL. IV.

W. Plant, Printer, Old Bailey, London.









